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THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1904.

No. 24



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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Reform in the Saddle Rough-Riding the Ring

By William Marion Reedy

AS the MIRROR goes to press for this week, the Missouri Democratic Convention is in hot session at Jefferson City. The so-called machine is making its last stand against "Joe" Folk.

Folk has a big majority in the convention, and if he does not impress his will and opinions upon the platform and ticket, he will suffer in reputation for courage and astuteness in politics.

It seems to me that there's nothing much left of real opposition to Folk outside of the strength of the gallant Harry B. Hawes in the City of St. Louis. It seems to me that pretty nearly everything is in the band wagon, except Hawes' delegates. It seems to me from a cursory glance at the dispatches from the State capital that Gov. Dockery, Senator Stone, Sam Cook, "Jim" Seibert and the rest of the machine are not making so much of a stand as running a bluff. They are all toying with the Folk forces. They are patting Hawes on the back in one corner and making overtures to Folk in another.

It looks very much as if the machine's "last stand" is as wobbly as was its effort to "stop" Folk in the different counties. The dispatches have an air of compromise about them. There's no ginger in the opposition to Folk, save that displayed by Hawes.

Up to Monday last Folk and the larger part of the machine appeared to have taken each other mutually into camp. Folk was to be nominated for Governor. The machine was to get Cook for Secretary of State and Allen for Auditor, and those two would hold down Folk on the Board of Equalization in the matter of corporation taxes. That was the programme up to the assembling hour of the convention.

From the opening of the canvass, Folk could have beaten Cook and Allen, had he desired. He and his friends played for nothing but the gubernatorial nomination. They said nothing about a straight ticket in harmony with its head until too late, until Cook and Allen had enough delegates to threaten their nomination. Up to Monday evening Mr. Folk and his friends said nothing that indicated he would refuse to run as an anti-boodler with associate candidates identified with boodling.

Perhaps Mr. Folk would run for Governor and ignore his boodle associates. Perhaps Mr. Folk would copy Judge Parker, wait until he got his nomination and then throw down the convention by refusing to support the boodle candidates who seemed certain to win their nominations.

Mr. Vandiver said Folk's friends would write the State platform, but how could Sam Cook and Albert O. Allen run on a Folk platform, representing, as they are understood to represent, everything to which Mr. Folk has been opposed? Mr. Folk is wily and dexterous, but he would have to be a veritable Talleyrand to accomplish such a harmonization of principles and candidates as would be necessary to justify his acceptance of those men.

Mr. Cook's strength, as well as Mr. Allen's, is largely a corporation strength. Mr. Allen has also a heavy ex-Confederate following. Mr. Cook has the

friendship of the banks. He has also the support of those county newspapers to which he gives the State printing contracts. Moreover, Mr. Cook is a good fellow and a smart one. Between the two they have managed skillfully to fix themselves for delegations in the counties, while the people were interested only in the squabble between Folk and Hawes and Reed. These two men are mighty hard to turn down. The machine figures that Folk figures he cannot turn them down without losing a great many votes for the ticket. But maybe Mr. Folk will not figure that way. He may calculate that by turning down these people good and hard he will attract to himself more Republican votes than he would lose among the friends and the interests behind Cook and Allen. Folk will get thousands of Republican votes, no matter what he may do. If he does the right thing he will either accept the nomination and repudiate Cook and Allen or he will refuse to take a nomination on the same ticket with them. If he does the Judge Parker act and doesn't do anything until the convention is well over with, he will be convicted of duplicity towards his supporters.

What will he do? I have watched Mr. Folk for some time, and I have repeated often that, like Dickens' *Joey Bagstock*, he "is sly, sir, devilish sly." He has not yet made a mistake in his campaign, though some of us often thought we had him in one. Every time it turned out that Joe had led the right card for himself, in the right sequence, at the right time. He appears now, as variously phrased, to be "up a tree," "in a hole," "cornered," etc. He will manage to wriggle out of his predicament. He has something up his sleeve. Joe won't give up the nomination. He will side-step the Cook-Allen proposition in one way or another. He has to do it. That's all there is about it.

Mr. Folk knows that Cook and Allen are being forced on the ticket, by some influences, in the hope that the nomination of those two men may beat him. Mr. Folk knows that there has been concocted a scheme to put up such a fight on the Cook-Allen combination, identifying him with it, that it shall be made to appear that he is only a boodle-fighter to gain office. The Republicans want that for a campaign issue. The Republicans know that under the new election law the boys can't pack the registration in St. Louis, and that they won't do it for Folk. They know that the boys in the wards will not interfere with revision of the old registration that will eliminate many a dummy. They are sure, too, that many Democrats whose interests have been hurt by Folk's work will scratch Folk on election day. They reckon upon a heavy falling off in the Democratic vote in the larger cities of the State. If the Republicans could only arrange it so that the Democratic convention shall do something to disgust the Democrats with Folk they would rejoice. Therefore they want Cook and Allen on the same ticket with the man who has fought their interests and associates, and even exposed one of the men as a party to a boodle transaction. The only question,

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therefore, now is whether Mr. Folk is strong enough to keep Cook and Allen off the ticket or clever enough to take them on the ticket and save himself and let the others take care of themselves if he can. He may do this latter by forcing through a platform that will make the candidacy of Cook and Allen wholly absurd. He may make a speech, write a letter or send a telegram, as Judge Parker did, that will put himself clean and clear above and beyond his party and associate candidates. At any rate I believe that the chances are many to one that Mr. Folk will put the convention "in a hole," rather than that the convention will put Mr. Folk "up a tree."

The great question, as I write, is whether Folk will insist upon throwing out the Hawes delegations from St. Louis. If he does this it will be a mistake. Hawes carried the St. Louis primaries fair and square. Folk's friends didn't go to the polls. There was no trouble save in one or two wards. The Hawes delegations are all duly certified, and the Hawes managers have plenty of evidence to show that there was no Folk vote to speak of, and even that in most of the wards the men on the Folk delegations were Republicans or voters for Meriwether in the last mayoralty elections. Of course Folk would like to throw out the entire St. Louis delegation, except the Stuever wards, which were given him, because that would enable him to fix up for himself a city organization. The wards as now organized are against him. They can knife him at the polls, by simply refraining from "work." That, however unfortunate for Mr. Folk, does not justify him in throwing out the delegations chosen and seating other delegations that were actually and honestly elected—as honestly, at least, as at any primary of either party ever held in the City of St. Louis. Mr. Folk, in his position as a reformer, cannot consistently begin to disfranchise a whole city. If some of his constituencies have been disfranchised, still, "two wrongs don't make a right."

The country politicians are not likely to stand for any such thing as unseating Mr. Hawes' 111 delegates. They may, and probably will, vote to throw out the delegations in the Twenty-eighth and one or two other wards, where there were some scenes that would justify the action. The country politicians are not in favor of trampling upon Mr. Hawes, or outraging him because he opposed Mr. Folk. These ruralists feel that Hawes will stand by the ticket in St. Louis, if he is not utterly humiliated and unjustly so. They know that Ed Butler won't support Folk. It is not in reason that he should support the man who has thrice tried to send him to the penitentiary. If the Folkites have any hope of piling up a big majority for their man it must center in Hawes. If they drive Hawes completely into the Butler camp the Folk vote in St. Louis will have to come from Republicans. If they unseat the Hawes delegates the men who will take their places will not be able to carry the wards or even to protect the party's interests against the Republicans.

Country politicians are not so sure of Missouri's Democracy this year. The rank-and-file of the party are pretty sore about the Parker telegram, and their sympathy for Bryan, is, if anything, stronger than ever. They are inclined to stay away from the polls in resentment of the Parker trick. This means that no more votes should be lost in St. Louis than cannot be helped. The older politicians think that St. Louis should be mollified. I am inclined to think that Mr. Folk will think so, too, even if he does know that every Hawes vote will be cast for Cook and Allen. There won't be enough left of organized Democracy in St. Louis to load a hand car, if Hawes is turned down, for it has been due to Hawes, almost alone, that St. Louis has been a Democratic city. If Folk

is to be saved in St. Louis, Hawes is the man who can save him; and as the Hawes delegations seated at the St. Joseph judicial convention, and at the Joplin National Delegates Convention were chosen at the same primaries at which his delegates to this convention were chosen, it is impossible to see any logic in unseating these delegations. If the St. Louis delegations to St. Joseph and Joplin were legal, then the St. Louis delegations to Jefferson City must be legal, and should not be thrown out ruthlessly as a mere matter of factional necessity.

I am of the opinion that as this convention at Jefferson City gets down to business there will be more and more evidence of a spirit of compromise. The "fixers" are fixing things, slowly, to be sure, but they are making some progress. I don't believe even that Mr. Folk and Mr. Hawes are as far apart as they were. I think that one, William Joel Stone, has been oscillating between the two with some pacifying effect. I think that Sam Cook is not exactly at daggers drawn with Mr. Folk, for Gov. Alexander Monroe Dockery has been doing some missionary work there. A "patch up" is among the possibilities all around, though I don't see how it is to turn out other than a "botch job." Mr. Hawes will be placed in nomination, and will receive the tribute he deserves at the hands of the Democrats of the State.

I don't see that Mr. Hawes can stay out of the Folk camp after the nomination. Mr. Hawes is in no enviable position in St. Louis, politically. Ed Butler hates Hawes even worse than he does Folk, and has said so time and again. Butler blames Hawes for all his recent troubles, and Butler doesn't forgive. Butler men tried to prevent Hawes from being a delegate to the National Democratic convention. Butler has gained control of a large majority of the St. Louis City Central Committee. Butler has a majority of the St. Louis House of Delegates, giving him great ward-power. Butler has control of the St. Louis members of the State Central Committee, with the exception possibly of Mr. Charles Lempe. Butler has built a ring of fire around Mr. Hawes while Mr. Hawes has been out making a fight against Folk that only too many people were fools enough to believe was all in Butler's behalf. There is nothing but disembowelment for Mr. Hawes in any alliance with Butler. Not now, perhaps, but, later, surely. All the big fights that Mr. Hawes has won, have been against Butler. He never got in bad until Butler got on the same side with him. I am not at all in Mr. Hawes' confidence in these matters, but if I were and I thought Mr. Hawes desired to remain actively in politics, I should certainly advise that the Folk end of the fight would be the one to take up, under Folk as Governor, against Butler. If Mr. Folk wants to do anything for himself or his party in St. Louis, Mr. Hawes is the man to do it, because he is the man who knows how to "put Butler out of business." I think Folk sees all this, and is willing to forgive and forget, but I doubt if Mr. Hawes is in any mood, as yet, to be mollified. This all Missouri knows, that if Hawes were out of the fight there wouldn't be any opposition to Folk worth mentioning. If Folk proceeds to smash Hawes' delegations and tries to put Hawes out of politics, St. Louis will defeat every Democratic candidate for office at the November election, and if Folk applies his Home Rule theories to the city there's no telling when the city will again be Democratic, since it was only through Hawes operating under State Board theories that the city was made and kept Democratic. Hawes is not out of politics, and if any attempt be made to put him out he is likely to take all St. Louis Democratic office holders out with him, since with Hawes and Butler, both hostile to Folk, it is doubtful if

the latter could do better at an election than he did at the primaries.

The whole situation is an ugly and muddled one from a Democratic standpoint. I don't pretend to predict the outcome of the Jefferson City convention, but merely attempt to demonstrate that the situation is one the difficulties of which are susceptible of smoothing over only by compromise all along the line. If Mr. Folk can compromise without crucifying himself, all will be well. If he can absolutely dominate the convention and insist on a clean sweep of "the ring" all will be better, for him.

I don't see how a ticket with Sam Cook on it can win when the opposition publishes the testimony in the Cardwell case, and likewise Folk's own story of Cook's part in Coal Oil Inspector Speed's bribery of Senator Lyons. The people who are "crazy about Folk" must be crazy against Cook on the record. Indeed they might become crazy against Folk for standing for and with Cook. I don't see as yet how Folk can stand for and with Cook after exposing him, without alienating a great deal of the Republican support he would naturally receive as a result of President Roosevelt's public approval of Folk. It is not impossible, however, that Mr. Folk might say, in the event of Cook's and Allen's nomination, that he does not care to dictate to the Democrats of Missouri, and then proceed to confine his campaign exertions to his own behalf. However, we shall see what we shall see.

Late Tuesday evening the MIRROR's advices from Jefferson City were to the effect that, with Folk in control of the situation in all its phases, indications pointed to the defeat of Cook for Secretary of State and Allen for Auditor. Even many of Cook's instructed delegates were wavering before the Folk storm and clamoring to be released or for Cook to withdraw. Cook, however, was "standing pat" and his friends were insisting on running him, even on a platform that favored the prosecution of accessories to boodle transactions—meaning Cook. Allen seemed to have been lost in the shuffle. Folk had evidently declared himself at last, in favor of "rolling" Cook and Allen and his followers who had been committed to Cook and Allen were doing their best to break away. The committee on credentials was warring over contests, the committee on resolutions over Folk's forthright anti-boodle platform, but all things were hanging fire because of the delay on the credentials. Hawes was fighting gamely for the seating of his St. Louis delegates and making a showing that made it seem impossible for the Folk following to throw out the greater number of them. Though in a hopeless minority Hawes demonstrated his personal popularity most effectively. Phelps and Carroll the lobby twin-kings were on the ground as Folk lieutenants—quite officiously and unnecessarily prominent, as it seemed. "Jim" Butler was a conspicuous personality in the crowd and the St. Louis "Indians" were behaving most decorously, to the astonishment of the natives.

Beyond all doubt the convention is the most intense and spectacular event of its kind that has been held in Missouri since the war, with many political lives in danger, Stone's, Dockery's, Cook's, Seibert's—all old warriors with many a scalp hung in their tepees—and with a group of youngsters springing into their first state prominence. And ringing over all the other shouting and din the cry, "Down with boodle!"

"Reform is in the saddle and pushing things," to paraphrase the late John N. Edwards, and pushing them with a rigor that means woe to the ring, the machine, the old gang that has had Missouri under its control for thirty years. One could almost feel sorry to see "the old regime" going down, even with all its sins on its hoary head.

The Board of Lady Managers

By W. M. R.

THIS is a Philistine age, my masters. Here we are, in St. Louis, actually witnessing the spectacle of a World's Fair Board of Lady Managers being put to work. This august body, for it is august, is really going to expend \$5,000 of the \$100,000 appropriated to its purposes, for something useful. They are going to use it to provide for the proper care of babies at the Fair.

The Board of Lady Managers is thus reduced to a level with the incubator show on the Pike. What sacrilege is this! What have Lady Managers to do with babies! What have Lady Managers to do with the useful? Out upon such materialism!

I believe in "encouraging the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself." All the Lady Managers are beautiful. All babies are not—except to their respective proprietors. Babies we have with us all the time. We don't have a beautiful, sumptuous, stately Board of Lady Managers, except when we have a World's Fair—and none of us ever wants another World's Fair in our own town, much though we delight in this one we have now.

We should make the most of our Lady Managers, even when they don't appear to manage anything, and when their talk and actions in their squabbles indicate that they are even less of ladies than they are managers.

I see that there is complaint that the ladies entertain too much. What a paradox! How could the Lady Managers be otherwise than entertaining? That is what they are for. Why, then, complain that the cost of their entertaining is too great? No price could be too high for the entertainment the proceedings of the Board of Lady Managers have given us.

I am in favor of the Board of Lady Managers. If I were out of favor with them, what a plight I would be in! Socially marooned! Dear me!

And isn't it just too ridiculous that Miss Helen Gould should have sort of forced that baby proposition on the Board? What does Miss Gould know about babies, and who ever thought that the Lady Managers were going in for philanthropy? Philanthropy wouldn't give them any chance to show off their gowns or their gold plate. Philanthropy isn't entertaining, either.

Besides, the philanthropy idea was knocked galley west when Miss Mary Perry of this city proposed to erect at the Fair a Home of Philanthropy. When Miss Perry's idea was squelched the Board of Lady Managers was formed as a sort of effort to get as far away as possible from anything like philanthropy.

There should have been at least one St. Louis lady among the Lady Managers, but I believe there isn't. That's too bad. Such a lady would be more entertaining to us than these strangers we have with us. We could laugh at one of our own people all we wanted to, but we can't laugh at these strangers, when they are so perfectly, so strenuously sincere in their purpose, and endeavor to teach us Westerners something that we don't know in the blooming function line. Just think what fun we had with poor Mrs. Blair!

Ah, me, it were a sad thing, indeed, if the Fair should lose the Board of Lady Managers, for the Fair would be much more bored without the Board than with it. If it were not for the stimulus given Presi-

dent Francis by the Lady Managers I fear he would collapse. They don't exactly give him the stimulus, but I have heard it said that they drove him to drink, which is a difference without much distinction. The Lady Managers have shown that they can keep up a pretty good row for a good, long time, but that advertises the Fair, and that's what the Fair needs.

The Lady Managers don't do much for the cause of woman, but why should they? They're not women; they're ladies. They aren't worried with problems, and Dr. Mary Walker in frock coat and trousers almost frightened them to death, convention week, by invading their retiring room. They don't believe in wearing the trousers literally, but don't ever forget that they wear them metaphorically.

No! I can't bring myself to say anything about the Lady Managers that would put them in a false position. I enjoy them, as do all my fellow citizens who do not go stark, staring, raving mad at them. All I will say is that I don't believe that a board of lady managers is quite as efficient in managing as one woman. Now that is an incontrovertible proposition, for every man jack of us is managed, completely, overwhelmingly managed, by some one woman. But there efficiency ends, unless, as I've seen it, when one woman manages several men, for the trouble is that when you get a lot of women in a board to manage things they begin to try to manage one another. There's where the blow-up comes. Women can't manage one another. They are built to manage men, and they do it beautifully, one woman at a time, to one man, but when a lot of them get to trying to manage the same men then you think of the name of that Dutch town Helvoetsluys, as the only thing to express the situation. I don't say that this is the trouble out at the Fair. God forbid. But there are people who think that there are some ladies of the Board who have too much of a cinch with the

man end of the Fair, and that this has caused disgruntlement among those members of the Board who have not the charm, the what-dye-call-it.

Anyhow we can't get along without the Lady Managers. They must not resign. The editor of the *Post-Dispatch*, Mr. George S. Johns, may have run the Democratic convention for Parker and the gold brick trick, but I assure him he calls in vain upon the Lady Managers to resign. Puissant though he be, he cannot force this upon us. It would be a calamity. I do hope and pray that for Mr. Johns' great temerariousness the Lady Managers will take him in hand and proceed to manage him. Mr. Johns is one of the best managing editors I know, but let him beware either of trying to manage or to edit the Lady Managers.

I am with the Lady Managers. Their Board is about the only political plank I've got left to stand upon, and there's a silence clause in it, too. I think it is best to be silent about the Lady Managers from now on. There's nothing more for anyone to say, for the Lady Managers have been talking for pretty nearly three months, and they must have said everything, about themselves and about everybody else. The Lady Managers have surely been generous. They have given up \$5,000 for the babies, and that is quite a concession. Think of how many functions, feasts and frolics that appropriation cuts out! We should not ask the Lady Managers for more. Indeed and indeed we shouldn't. They should be allowed to go on their way and be entertaining as before. They have been serious enough to think of the babies \$5,000 worth, and who dares think what would happen if the Board really became serious for any great length of time. There are surely enough serious problems connected with the World's Fair without adding to them in the matter of taking the Board of Lady Managers too seriously.

If we have a kick coming against the Fair—and who has not?—it's mean to take it out on the Lady Managers. And, all joking aside, most of the jumping on the Lady's Board is for no other purpose than to work off a lot of steam that can't be let loose against the actual Fair management because the local press is gagged with the guff of local patriotism.

Parker's Flim-Flam vs. Bryanism

By William Marion Reedy

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN is not eliminated from the Democracy. The Parker trick telegram coming upon the heels of Mr. Bryan's fine speech in the early morning of the last day of the National Democratic Convention, exalted Mr. Bryan immeasurably, in the opinion of many who had deemed him a charlatan of charlatans, and more endeared him to the thousands who have always believed him. The Parker telegram was a foul blow to Bryan. He had been fooled into accepting a silent platform on the money question, and suddenly those who made the deal with him flashed forth the dispatch that committed the party to Mr. Bryan's pet aversion, the maintenance of the gold standard. The play was utterly unworthy of an honorable antagonist, to say nothing of its being an insult to the convention at a time when that body was powerless to resent it. Parker's silence before

the nomination proves the telegram was a trick.

It is believed by most thinking persons that a gold standard plank would have been adopted in the convention, but the Parker managers were afraid to try it, and had their candidate tack the gold standard on the platform after the convention had completed its work on the platform. The people see the trick, or will see it, before November.

The country heard much of Mr. Bryan as a party dictator, but he never dictated to the party through a subterfuge. He said what he had to say to Democrats before they had committed themselves on an issue on which he desired to be heard. He was boss at Kansas City, but he was there, and he stated his views plainly before any action was taken. Bryan, the radical, was never so radical as Parker, who deliberately, of his own motion, without party consent, amended his party's resolutions, committing the par-

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ty to a matter which the convention said was "not an issue" after fighting over it for two days.

Roosevelt himself was never so much of a "rough rider" as Parker has been over his party. Roosevelt, the "usurper," never indulged in such usurpation of judicial or legislative functions of government as Parker indulged in when he overruled his party. David B. Hill never worked such a low-down trick as Parker worked, when, with the whole country clamoring for his opinions, he kept quiet, for fear his opinions might prevent his nomination, and then, with the nomination secured through assurance that the platform would be satisfactory to the candidate, flung an affront in the faces of the greater number of men who had voted for him.

It is not because the convention was afraid of a gold standard that Parker's action hurt, but because the trick showed the convention the kind of a man they had chosen. A ward boss would be scarcely as contemptible in lying to an opposition faction about the date and location of a primary. Parker was put up as a man willing to stand on the platform. When he had won he repudiated the platform. The men who chose him had been buncoed. Mr. Bryan was buncoed, and buncoed after he made a striking display of gracious magnanimity. The party has been buncoed. The conservative man, content to abide the party's will, who was painted in Mr. Littleton's speech of nomination, suddenly displayed his boss-ship in unmistakable flagrancy of arrogance.

How does the party know at what time Parker will overrule planks in the platform, say about the Trusts, if he overrules its silence on the money question? He may do that whenever his friends, the Belmonts, think it's time for him to do so. Parker is as bull-headed as Cleveland, and as unexpected as Roosevelt, and as tricky as Hill, and more dangerous than them all, just because he blends in himself the qualities of all most distasteful to democratic Democrats.

Parker was put up "to win with." The silent platform was to win the West. His gold telegram was to win the East. Who can tell what precept or principal or dogma of Democracy he may not set aside, add to or delete from in the Democratic programme? No one. It may be necessary for Parker to kick over other things than the silence in the platform to squeeze out of Wall street that fund which is to buy New York for him away from Roosevelt?

It is plain to see that Parker is not in sympathy with Democracy when he takes as running-mate Mr. Davis. Why was Davis put on the ticket? Simply in order to extract from the great coal interests a campaign contribution in revenge for Roosevelt's interposition to settle the great coal strike. Baer, trustee for God over the great coal interests, will doubtless "cough up" his share. And to think that Davis, the coal baron, was put on the ticket for this purpose with the aid of Hill, who just after the great coal strike framed a New York State platform on the basis of public ownership and operation of coal lands.

Parker, great jurist though he be, who has never rendered a really great decision, is not, on the showing of his conduct prior to, during and after the convention, the equal of Mr. Bryan in intellectual honesty. Parker is a peanut on the Hill pattern. He is a political porch-climber who varies the monotony by "spieling the nuts" to catch political suckers. He has been nominated on the theory that New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and other States can be bought for him with money put up by the interests that fear and hate Roosevelt. Belmont will get the "cush" to do the job, because, in the language of the

song, "the man that gets the money is the man behind the nose." Parker bamboozled the Democracy out of a nomination and now it is purposed to bribe the Eastern States to give him enough votes, with the South, to elect him.

Sheehan, who worked Parker's boom, did it, the *Republic* of this city gleefully tells us, because he had made a careful study of the methods of Mark Hanna. We are to infer, then, that Parker is to be elected by Hanna methods. And only a few years ago Hanna, to the Democratic mind, was the head devil of corrupt politics. Just think of it! A Democratic campaign *a la* Hanna! Tap the trusts for the coin, even while howling against them—though Hanna never did the latter. Parker and Davis are going to down the Trusts on money from Trust coffers. Isn't that just lovely and logical? And when Parker and Davis get in, goodness me, what they aren't going to do to the Trusts, that financed them through the campaign, will be a plenty. Just you watch and see! Cleveland had his Benedict, McKinley his Hanna and his Morgan, Parker must have his Belmont. Then the Trusts will be regulated as they should be—"by their friends." And just think how militarism and imperialism are to be "trun down," in accordance with the platform, with the Democratic exploiters and promoters in power at the White House. So, too, Parker will not interfere with the legislative functions, as Roosevelt has done. Oh, no—only just about to the same extent that he gave the Democratic convention a "kick in the pants" and told it to "go chase itself."

And William Jennings Bryan sits out in Nebraska supporting the ticket in a way to demonstrate its unsupportability. And the country looks at Bryan,

whom it used to think a mountebank and apprehends him as a real man who is beneath anything that savors of moral legerdemain. It sees Bryan more glorified in defeat than ever he was in triumph. It sees Bryan, however awry as to some things, the champion, at least, of Democracy that is not a flim-flam. The country recognizes that Bryan was largely right, for it sees that the Democracy was confided out of its nomination, and that the Democratic plutocracy is figuring as brazenly as Hanna or Quay or Dudley ever figured on buying the election for the nominee. Bryan may have been extreme, but his defeat was a plutocratic victory. The delegates were bought away from Bryan by the promise of the victory to be bought in November with trust money. Bryan grows in intellectual and moral stature, as Parker dwindles. The Bryan following see that they have been betrayed, and hundreds of thousands of people who in 1896 and 1900 thought Bryan "a fascinating fanatic," seeing through and behind his defeat in 1904, realize that in truth his idea was correct that the main fight of Democracy was and is against plutocracy masquerading in the Democratic camp. There are stronger Bryan Democrats to-day than ever. There are more of them, too. The Democratic party leaders, and those who hope for office, and some who think they can redeem the situation for Bryanism later, by sticking in the party now, will vote for Parker and Davis, but those who are not party hacks, and who despair of rescuing Democracy from the "con men," "flim-flammers," "peanut politicians," *et id genus omne* will vote for some one else—presumably Roosevelt, for, at least, Roosevelt is not a "thimble rigger" like the sage of Esopus.

Assessing Millionaires in New York

By Francis A. House

AFTER many discussions, investigations and hearings, the tax commissioners of New York have fixed the value of personal property within their city at \$625,000,000. The amount when first given out, some months ago, was much larger than this. In fact, it was utterly excessive in the opinions of a great number of worried and oppressed millionaires. The commissioners, therefore, graciously condescended to give hearings to all who considered themselves aggrieved. In the course of these hearings most interesting disclosures were made, throwing much needed calcium light upon the moral and financial status of leading representatives of America's millionairessdom.

The most insistently remonstrating victim of the injustice of taxing tyrants was the venerable Russell Sage. The thrifty octogenarian took solemn oath that he was relatively a poor man; that his personal wealth was hardly worth mentioning, and that, if the original assessment were allowed to stand, he would be compelled to forego the last luxury of his waning life—the fifteen cents' apple lunch. So sincere seemed the old man's appeal, so persuasive was his argument, so pitiful his appearance, that the commissioners unanimously resolved to allow him a generous rebate. It must be presumed that the "put and call" business has fallen on evil days. The business reaction must have made a terrible hole in Russell Sage's formerly overflowing purse.

The Rockefellers also filed strenuous complaints against their personal assessments. They stoutly asseverated that their wealth was such as to afford them

nothing but a fair living wages. For reasons of delicacy, the tax commissioners refrained from pressing their investigation into the size of Standard Oil wealth. John D. Rockefeller's counsel presented a powerful argument in favor of a large reduction in their client's assessment. They succeeded in convincing the commissioners that all this talk of John D. Rockefeller's two hundred million dollars was rank nonsense, that the oil magnate had to live laborious days to be able to make a comfortable living for his family. The eloquent appeal of the jurisconsults should go far towards substantiating recently current rumors that the Rockefeller people were severely hit in the Amalgamated Copper crash. If John D. Rockefeller's private fortune has indeed suffered such an alarming diminution as counsel before the tax commissioners in New York pretended it did, then it's no wonder that the price of oil had to be advanced. The oil king is surely entitled to our heartfelt sympathy. It should be in order to expect that henceforth Standard Oil largesses in the field of philanthropy will be materially cut down. Thus, indirectly, even the educational factory of Dr. Harper in Chicago may be made to feel the harmful effects of the business depression. Dr. Harper may yet have to put in practice his fine scheme of sending out drummers to work up business and customers for his hustling institution. Considering his unbounded energy and zest of educational spirit, he should be able to make his way to fame and glory, and, what is most to be valued, substantial pecuniary profits, without additional subsidies from the Standard Oil

exchequer. We maintain our faith in Dr. Harper. His up-to-date university should eventually eclipse in fame that of Salamanca in the twelfth century.

Other conspicuous objectors to the assessment figures were the Vanderbilts. William H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt made touching appeals to the warm-beating hearts of the commissioners. They earnestly argued that they would willingly, yea, gladly, pay all the taxes assessed against them if they could at all afford to do so. Both of these gentlemen declared that they would be reduced to the extremes of economic misery, that they would have to give up their beautiful yachts and automobiles and horses if no concessions were granted them. Honest Cornelius even went so far as to admit that owing to the reaction in Wall street business he had already been forced to raise a third mortgage on his favorite automobilistic "snorter" to keep his household going, and that he was pondering plans how to "scratch along" on two thousand dollars a day. Deeply affected by the simple earnestness of the appeals, the commissioners hastened to give assurance that they were prepared to place implicit faith in these asseverations of the Vanderbilts.

The people of the United States will unanimously endorse the reduction made in the personal assess-

ment against John W. Gates. This illustrious gentleman, who has so powerfully stimulated the progress of civilization in all its branches, had full reason to throw himself on the mercy of the commissioners. It is believed that he has only about ten million dollars left. Just think of it! How can anybody live in comfortable circumstances in these days of materialism with an income from such a pitiable fortune as ten million dollars? If there were ten extenuating circumstances in the Rockefeller case, there were fifty, at least, in that of John W. Gates.

Taken all in all, the New York commissioners acted wisely and generously. It would not do to overtax our plutocrats. Millionairessdom must be treated with the utmost consideration. If Russell Sage asserts that his personal wealth does not exceed five hundred dollars, it behooves us to take his word for it. He certainly knows more about his private wealth than anybody else does. Men of his class are known for their highly developed sense of honor and truthfulness in matters of taxation. John W. Gates would not utter a fib or resort to dubious practices for any consideration, no, not even if he were given another tempting opportunity to "hold up" the Belmont crowd in the Louisville and Nashville Railway Company.

it may be said that this packers' strike has been doomed to defeat from the beginning because of the lack of popular sympathy with its purposes and causes. The only thing that will keep the struggle going will be to extend the strike, and the more the strike is extended, the more certain it is that the lack of public sympathy will flower into open public hostility towards the movement. This strike shows, if it shows anything, that Unionism has not the hold on popular support that it once had. The efforts of the organizations of employers have had much to do with bringing this about. The public, too, has wearied of strike atrocities like women-stripping in St. Louis, the maiming of horses and the maltreatment of corpses in the Chicago cab strike, the smashing of scab iron-founders' wrists in San Francisco, and the dynamiting of non-union miners in Colorado. Whenever a strike breaks out now the officials are as afraid of antagonizing the political strength of the Employers' Association as of enraging the labor vote, and hence the law is not as silent among the arms of internecine strife as they were in other days. This packers' strike has never been as dangerous as its proportions portended, for this political reason, though it is only fair to say that the strike leaders have spoken and acted with more sincerity than formerly characterized them, against disturbances and other violations of the law. If the strike should be protracted, as some people seem to fear, through political intrigue and chicanery, to force a condition that will call for action that will put one party or another "to the bad" with Labor, we may be sure, the fact will become known, and the infamy of inciting disorder for political purposes will recoil on those who concocted the plot. It is more gratifying to see prominent men of both parties trying to gain credit for settling strikes than it is to suspect that unscrupulous politicians are fomenting domestic war. As matters stand at this writing, there is some prospect that the strike will be settled by a concession in the matter of taking back some of the strikers. It is as incumbent upon the meat barons to make some sacrifice for peace as it is upon the leaders of the Unions.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Packers' Strike

MANY queer phases has the big strike of the meat packers. It comes on just as national politics warm up, and there is a suspicion that there is politics behind it. There may be a design to put both the great parties up against the labor-capital issue. Which one would dare offend the union sentiment of the country and lose the labor vote? Then, too, which party wants to offend the meat bosses and lose possible contributions to the campaign fund. Again, the strike comes in the season when the eating of meat falls off considerably, and it does not come until the great packing companies have a large stock on hand to meet the demand, and to meet it at advanced prices, which compensate for strike losses. It would seem to some suspicious persons that the meat millionaires were not so sorry over the strike as they pretend to be. The public is growing distrustful of motives behind big strikes, and therefore more hostile to the outbreaks of lawlessness which characterize big lock outs. It is hardly to be denied, either, that this packers' strike shows a decline in the force of unionism. There has been no difficulty, it is said, in getting men to take the places of strikers. Although there has been intimidation of non-union workmen, there has not been nearly so much as in former great strikes, and it is noticeable that the police and other authorities at all other points of trouble are less dilatory in dealing with offenders than they used to be. From all the newspaper accounts, this packers' strike is not what might be called a bad one. It doesn't seem to have the fire and vigor and enthusiasm of former strikes, and it does not seem either to receive that sort of encouragement strikes have formerly found in the news columns of the great newspapers. The strike editorials, while flabby, as between the employers and employees, are all strong on the fact that the public is "getting the worst of it," as usual, and insistence upon this fact

doubtless has a tendency to restrain strikers and their "sympathizers" from acts that would exasperate the public more than it is already exasperated. The universal sentiment is that the matter should be settled by arbitration, but while strikers and those struck against agree to the general proposition they are not able to get down to an arbitration basis. There are threats that in order to force arbitration the allied trades are to be called out. This will vastly enlarge the strike, vastly inconvenience the public, and vastly increase the chances of lawless outbreaks. Writing on Tuesday it seems that the issue has narrowed down to one point, namely, the refusal of the packers to discharge the men they have employed since the commencement of the strike, and give their places to the men who walked out. The men who struck are sorry. They want their jobs back. But can the packers afford to "go back on" the men who took the strikers' places, in some cases at the risk of their lives? The packers will doubtless find a way to take care of the men who came to them when badly needed. They will find a way to take back most of the strikers, but also a way to escape re-employing the men who have been offensive in leading the strike and in fomenting disturbance. From President Donnelly's own letter of Tuesday it would seem that the strike is a failure, that the packers are able to run without the unions, if they wish to protract the unpleasantness, that the union's desperation is shown in the threat to call out the allied trades at the great packing points. It is not likely, however, that calling out the allied trades will generate popular sympathy for the strikers, since the great masses of citizens are weary of being worried and harassed in their daily walk of life by a conflict of issues in which they have no concern. It is noticeable that there has been no outbreak of strong language against the application of "government by injunction" to the strike situation in various places. Indeed, upon the whole, I think

An Incident.

"ST. LOUISANS expect not a cent of return upon their investment," said President Francis not long ago, speaking of the World's Fair. Anyone would have reiterated the sentiment had he witnessed an incident at the Jester bar last Monday morning. Three tall countrymen entered and lined up. "How much is yer beer a gallon?" queried the spokesman. "Don't sell it by the gallon," said the bar-keep. "How much a bottle?" "Ten cents," was the reply. "How much a glass?" "Five cents." "Let's see the glass." The glass was shown. "Give us one." The glass was filled and placed on the counter. Then each man took a drink, and the last man set the glass down empty, and the spokesman threw his nickel on the bar, and the trio turned and walked out. This is only an incident. One wonders how many St. Louisans in business will, from their own experience of "strangers within the gates," declare the incident to be a typical one.

Loeb and the Miners.

PRESIDENT'S Secretary, Loeb, is again in trouble because he didn't admit a delegation of miners to see Mr. Roosevelt at his summer home, without an appointment beforehand. That is to say, Mr. Loeb is being made a "mark" because he did what was right. No one, be he miners' delegate or millionaire, has a right to butt in on the President when the President's

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business has not been so arranged as to permit of receiving him. The best of us have to make appointments in order to meet less important personages than the President. The criticism of Loeb, which, of course, represents criticism of the President for "insulting Labor," is the meanest kind of picayunish politics.



Skidoodle Cops.

ENFORCING the law against automobile scorching is all right, but by what special law do the police automobilists out-scorch any of the scorching autoists they are supposed to capture? There's no racing machine in the city that does more scorching along Lindell or West Pine boulevards, or in the park, than the police department's "skidoodle wagon." And how happens it that the "skidoodle cops" seem to make a specialty of arresting women automobilists, rather than men? Is it because the women scare easier? The "skidoodle cops" are, I suppose, a necessary institution, but nevertheless, the fact remains that if the automobile speed law is enforced the owners of machines might as well break them up for junk. The legal speed for an automobile is funereally snail-like, and any number of horses are driven faster in the boulevards and parks than the ordinary automobilist ventures to cut loose in the city limits.



State Irishman.

HURRAH for the crusade to abolish the stage Irishman! Then let us abolish the stage Jew and the stage Dutchman, and the stage Swede! And, of course, the stage Yankee, who comes to town and buys a gold brick. Let us have no more stage caricature at all. Really, our Irish friends are a shade too sensitive. They are not much worse caricatured than people of other nationalities, and they are so appreciative of fun that they might be suspected of an ability to see the fun of a grotesque caricature upon themselves. I am somewhat Irish myself, and I remember that it is not so long ago that the proprietors of the Irish village on the Pike tried to draw the people to their show by presenting a competent company in some of the plays written by the leaders of the Celtic renaissance. The Irish didn't respond to the attraction. They didn't know or care about the Irish renaissance, about "The Land of Heart's Desire," or "The Shadowy Waters." Then the management put on a stage Irishman with a shillelagh and Galway sluggers, and all the familiar accoutrements of the vaudeville Hibernian. Business picked up at once. Art had to go away back and sit down. Race pride forgot itself and gathered to laugh at absurd distortions of its characteristics. I don't think the Irish boycott on the stage Irishman will be effective. It conflicts too much with the Irish sense of humor. Properly enough, the Irish or any other race might resent caricature of their religious faiths or national aspirations, but there is no sense at all in a protest against a debased form of mimicry which simply produces laughter by ludicrous over-emphasis upon well-known individual characteristics.



She Lost Her Husband's Love.

A WOMAN who loved her husband discovered that he loved another woman. The man admitted loving the other woman, but said he loved his wife, too. He even consented to keep away from the other woman, but still said he loved her because he couldn't help it. The wife wrote to Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Outlook*, for advice as to what she should do. Dr. Abbott published her letter and his answer. His answer was in effect that the wife should be patient and try to win the husband back. Which is laughable in its dumbheadedness, even

coming from a clergyman. Fine thing to tell a woman whose husband's heart has been stolen from her—"be patient." Try to win him back—after he has confessed his love for another woman. Evidently Dr. Lyman Abbott knows very little of the human heart, and of the woman heart in particular. The good divine's letter must only have more maddened the wife whose husband was stolen. Furthermore, Dr. Abbott's letter seems to indicate that it may be possible for one man to love two women in the right way and at the same time. No woman will subscribe to such a thesis, and no man, either. A man cannot love two women without injustice to one of them. He may pretend to love one woman differently from another, but he diggeth a pit for himself when he so pretends. There's only one kind of love between man and woman, and that's the kind that shuts out all other women and men. There's only one kind of love a woman wants, and that's the kind that gives her complete possession of one man's affections. She may be deceived into believing herself in such complete possession, but, deceived, she is not unhappy. No woman can ever win him back completely. Though he himself repent and regret his errancy, still the woman misses that which, belonging to her, he gave away to some one else. She never wins back the love that was bestowed elsewhere, and that is a barrier between them, even as a woman's infidelity to a husband has never been wholly forgiven or forgotten. What *can* a woman do, who has lost her husband's love? Lyman Abbott doesn't know. But all that seems open to her is to sit still and suffer until suffering shall wear itself out, and then maybe she shall win some other man's love which she shall never lose—to her knowledge. How wonderful is woman! She never realizes that "man is, at best, imperfectly monogamous," and she never realizes that the preacher is, ordinarily, the poorest man in the world to give advice when such a crisis as is here dealt with comes upon her. A woman who loses her husband's love—well, not infrequently it is herself who is to blame, not for great things of commission, but for little subtle things of omission, things overlooked not seldom solely because of the great love she bears him. Any woman can hold a man if she set herself to it, but it is with him as with her, it is never safe to assume that the work of retention is fully accomplished. Too many women quit loving too soon and begin mothering the man. Too many women forget that the best policy is to protract the sweet-hearting as long as possible after marriage, and let matrimony drift them into commonplaceness. A man wants in his wife at once, Penelope, Phyllis and Phryne—only the combination can hold him surely. A woman must treat a man as if he never won her wholly, and at the same time never let him feel that she has wholly won him. A woman—a man—both of them—Goodness, how wise I am on paper. I don't know a dam thing about it. Sometimes I think even God doesn't know anything about a woman's heart. As for a man's own heart, I think that man is best off who never attempts to look down into it. And a poet, therefore a fool, said the wisest thing upon the whole subject—"Ah, love not at all." If only that were possible! How much misery we should miss—and happiness. Guess I better drop this subject—don't you?



Ted and Joe.

ROOSEVELT has publicly approved the work of Joseph Wingate Folk. How would Roosevelt and Folk do for a campaign cry in Missouri. I understand the Democratic leaders think the Parker telegram will cost the Democrats four congressional districts

in this State. Roosevelt and Folk might be a good slogan in Missouri this year—for the Republicans. They had better think it over.



Colleges and Athletics.

THAT the average college student has a higher regard for the honors won on the athletic field than for those of the scholastic course, is a fact that the heads of many Eastern institutions have finally come to realize, and they are now trying to formulate a new system of awards for the scholar that will give him distinction as an adept in mind over and above the adept of muscle. That this condition prevails among the students of our best colleges is due, in a great measure, if not altogether, to the faulty foresight of the faculty. Instead of regarding athletics as purely a secondary aid to an education, they have placed them in the same category until failure in the class-room is now considered more than offset by successes on the campus. This evil has been growing in our colleges for years, so that now it has become so identified with them that lopping off or even trimming, will prove a delicate operation, one that may seriously affect the popularity and finances of the institutions. Our colleges have, in fact, been athletic-mad. They have scoured the country, some of them, for amateur athletes of fame to build up their teams and uphold their reputation on the field, and for many years the alumni have gone forth more as heroes of the ball field or cinder path than as men capable of battling with the world's intellectual, moral, business problems. The athletic victor has been pointed out as of this or that year's class, while the successful business or professional man among the graduates has been lost to view. Such has been the growth of this spirit that the big inter-collegiate base ball, foot ball and athletic meets, have become the scenes of the wildest and maddest demonstrations. In view of such conditions, after all these years, the work of checking the athletic craze must be, of necessity, slow. The larger institutions must go back to the simpler methods of smaller, less famous, but substantial colleges for the remedy. In nearly all the popular colleges of lesser grade the athletic spirit has been held well in check. Their faculties have not plunged into the games to such an extent that the students failing in their "exams" have been patted on the back because of their athletic achievements. They point with pride to their successful graduates in the various useful pursuits and avocations, and have no great annual jag of enthusiasm over a ball game or foot ball match. Some dozen years ago it was considered a great disgrace for a college student to become a professional ball player, but within the last five years the professional clubs in all the leagues have had no trouble recruiting from such sources, and most of them come from the institutions of acknowledged standing. The danger of this becoming recognized as a legitimate course for the college "grad." certainly requires attention.



The Northern Securities Case.

THE Union Pacific or Harriman-Gould interests have scored a preliminary victory in the case involving the distribution of Northern Securities assets. According to the court's decision, the Harriman interests are entitled to the injunction preventing their opponents (Hill-Morgan) from distributing the Northern Securities assets according to the original plan. The decision will be appealed, of course. There's much interest manifested in Wall street in the final upshot of these long-standing legal difficulties, though it does not seem clear why a triumph for either faction should be clothed with such tremendous importance. The fight does not seem a sincere or determined one. It

has some decidedly manipulative features. It seems to be used for stock-jobbing purposes. There won't be a panic in this country, no matter who wins in the end. Incidentally it is worthy of note that the stock of the Northern Securities Company, which sold at about 05 at the time of the announcement that the Federal Supreme Court had ordered a dissolution of the Northwestern Railroad merger, is now selling at 113. Wall street has peculiar ways of interpreting court decisions. It delights in paradoxes and inconsistencies. Wall street has its own rules.



That Fair Admission Steal.

THAT was bad policy on the part of the World's Fair officials in suppressing the facts of the gigantic swindle of which the Exposition has been made the victim, by gate keepers. Suppression goes with Pinkerton detective bureaus, perhaps, but it will not do, in a great quasi-public institution like the World's Fair. The fact that the Exposition was defrauded out of a large sum of money by an ingenious scheme of the gate keepers is not sufficient information for the people who have contributed their mite to the building of the Fair, and the suppression of the details on the flimsy pretext that it would open the eyes of other gatemens to the opportunity to be crooked, is all buncombe. The public's suspicions have been aroused on account of all sorts of ugly rumors and questions are passing around as a result of the suppression policy. Why were arrests made and why were the prisoners released? How much was stolen and is somebody being protected? are only a few of the inquiries being made by the people who have not been any too well pleased with the general close corporation tactics pursued in all World's Fair matters from the first. The World's Fair is too big to be conducted like a purely private and confidential enterprise. Give the public the facts and let everything good or bad be known, open and above board. In the case of the admission swindle the people should know the *modus operandi*, how the gatemens discovered it and just who were in the whole crooked affair! As the case stands the suspicion is aroused that some one more prominent than gatemens were in on the deal. Give the public the facts. There is talk that the Fair has not had publicity. In one respect, surely, the statement is true. There has never been any adequate accounting to the public. There has never been rendered to the public such a statement as a private corporation renders to its stockholders. The *Globe-Democrat* has called upon the Fair for a statement of Fair finances and general management details. The people at large will echo the call. If the Fair is a "bloomer," as is persistently rumored, we should know it. The people want to know how the Fair stands. The *Globe-Democrat's* call for a statement is just and proper.



Russia's Latest Move.

ARE the world powers, other than the United States, beginning to coalesce in favor of Russia against Japan, or has the Czar determined to take the bull by the horns (by the Golden Horn even) and threaten a world war, in the hope of "saving his face" in the present unpleasant predicament in the Far East? The passage of the Dardanelles several days ago by armed Russian vessels of the volunteer warship type may mean that either of the two conditions is possible. The passage of these Russian ships through the Dardanelles without the consent of the other powers signatory to the treaty controlling this body of water, and the subsequent searching of German and English vessels in the Red Sea,

was in itself an act that should call forth vigorous protests from both England and Germany, but such protest has not been made, although there has been ample time for the dispatch of diplomatic notes. Silence on their part, however, does not appear to signify a combination in favor of Russia, but it does appear that they are anxious as to the position Russia's ally, France, will take. However ready or keen for war Germany may be, England after the bitter campaign in South Africa cannot be said to be in the least militant. France, on the other hand, is as anxious for combat as Germany. Such a clash of powers is evidently not desirable, in support of what many have seen fit to term the "yellow peril." Of

course treaty obligations are involved, but in this case they are not the primary principle. As matters stand, it looks as though the Czar's Board of Strategy, having figured out a war of the powers impossible, has determined to run a bluff on England and Germany and to run the Dardanelles at the same time. If this plan carries Russia will have forced an outlet for its Black Sea fleet, and before many weeks have passed will again be in a position to contest with Japan for control of the sea. The Japanese fleet even now has all it can attend to watching the hostile squadrons at Port Arthur and Vladivostok. What will the Mikado's admirals do when the Black Sea squadron arrives on the scene?

Counsel for the Defense



The Murder On the Black Island

By Charles Fleming Embree

THE California sun cast its net of fine gold on the Orange County court house, and the hundred yards of wide, green lawn. The glistening mesh of that same net clung to magnolias and acacia trees, which, lining the great square, bordered it with a tunnel of waxen green. In vain the rose lifted its red blush to the white magnolia blooms, for they, dreaming of California's far blue sky, saw it not.

Over the blinding cement walk, with pallor on his lined and scornful face, strode counsel for the defense, slowly, slowly. The sun was the sun of early afternoon; and on him, too, and on his wide forehead, and his long, gray hair, it wove its sorceries. The world was a dream. To the stone steps, under the sheer red walls of Arizona sandstone, strode counsel for the defense.

There he paused and turned, and with an air of strange solemnity he gazed upon the golden sward and on the golden trees; and like the eye of an eagle his eye was raised and stared into the California sun. When he had done thus, and flung a wayward lock of gray from off his brow, counsel for the defense went in.

The audience in the court room was quiet. The furnishings of polished oak were ponderous and new. Aloft the pale judge sat far down in his chair, his fingers halted as though they would twist his sandy mustache, but twisting it not. The attorney for the prosecution, young and fat, strode to and fro. And here sat a woman; and yonder sat a man. The jury wore a rural and unkempt air, and the history of California's long, unlovely struggle with the soil was writ heavy, heavy in deep marks along the jury's brow.

Counsel for the defense, tossing his mane, wrapped in thought, and clutching the fingers of his left hand with his right, stood tall before the jury-box, like a eucalyptus tree that has bent a thousand times to the breath of the Pacific, and a thousand times sprung back, throwing out its grandly ragged plumage to the sun.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want to make it simple; I want to clear away all haze. I wouldn't if I could throw round the naked limbs of this great tragedy a veil of words confusing; as my friend, counsel for the prosecution," he drew a long, cool breath, "has did."

A titter from the prosecuting counsel, who, with

his hands flapping under the tail of his coat, strode to and fro. A smile went flickering round. And like a beast, wrapped in the power of a beast's subjective mentality, counsel for the defense turned his face of unutterable scorn about. Long was that countenance, shaven and bony, and time had anchored down one whole lower quarter of it into an expression of incredible contempt. Yet in his eyes rose for a moment some ghost of dead humor, and he said, wearily:

"They smile at my grammar. Gentlemen, they stand before this naked tragedy and smile. They mean that I should say 'has done.' Yet with that very grammar, gentleman of the jury, have I won more cases, in a life somewhat long and somewhat stormy, and freed more innocent men from punishment iniquitous, than counsel for the prosecution is likely ever to win with his, or by his harnessed language send the guiltless to the grave. And now," he swept again the jury with his eye, and fell again into his profound subjectivity, "now, when I stand, like some old trunk, not far from the immeasurable precipice; now, when the liquid years have solidified, and the strata of my soul have saw their liquid days, and hardened into layers geologic, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't a-going to change my grammar now."

The fearful face of the woman was ever turned upon him. He had not looked at her.

"What then are the fundamental elements of this case? A woman," he seemed to dream over the word, "dwells in a tiny rented cottage on an island in the center of Newport Bay, with a man—her husband or her paramour. On the night of May 29th that man was shot, and died. On that same night two witnesses saw, hurrying across the water in a boat, then running on toward Newport Beach, this defendant."

Without turning his head he flung out his arm toward the prisoner, a man of sneering and treacherous face, fine features, small hands, and careful dress.

"Aside from medical testimony," continued counsel for the defense, "the State has but three witnesses. First, those two who saw this man flee; and know and saw no more. Their testimony you may, in sifting this case to its simplest form, dismiss from your minds; because all that they say, defendant admits. There remains then, as opposed to the testimony of the defense, one witness only."

A film came over the eyes of counsel for the defense; upon his brow was a dampness cold. Slow and

mechanical was his turning of the body toward her, whereupon the film departed and the steel of his eye struck suddenly upon her, as he said: "That single witness is—the woman."

Hers was a face of tragedy and appeal. Its anguish was its beauty. She gazed on counsel for the defense as though he were some miracle of terror and of fascination. Her less than forty years were young.

He turned away. "And as opposed," he said, "to her explicit statement that this defendant slew the victim in her very presence, defense has only the testimony of two witnesses. First, the story of a man who, standing on a part of the shore distant from the spot where this defendant landed when he fled, there heard in that same hour the grating of another boat upon the rocks. The spot from which the sound arose was hid from him; but, walking thither, he beheld the boat itself, where no boat had been a quarter of an hour before, drifting away. An oar was flung upon the ground, and witness thinks he heard the sound of running feet, as of one escaping."

He paused and wiped his brow; the scorn upon his face was luminous.

"Second, the testimony of defendant, unshaken by the scorching rhetoric of my honorable opponent for the prosecution. Defendant says that he has known the woman and the man for many years; that he is in possession of the secret of their lives, and refuses to divulge it; that he had made visits to the island before this night; and that on this night he, rowing toward it, heard noises from the cottage leading him to believe that another man, beside this woman's companion, was therein, and that a fearful quarrel was then in progress. Defendant therefore retreated; defendant heard a shot, and fearing that he, as the only known visitor to that spot, might be entangled in a tragedy, he fled.

"Behold then two contradictory souls facing each other; the woman's soul and the man's, swearing to opposites; and in the bosom of each is the truth; and on the lips of one a lie. Consider first the defendant's testimony. Gentlemen of the jury, if it is false, is it not likewise childish? Is it not too childishly simple to be false? Look at his face!—look at his face!—as he crouches there in that unspeakable dread that hounds the falsely accused. See the intelligence of that brow, the fire of that inscrutable eye, the cunning of those cultured lips, and tell me, tell me, is that the face of one who, guilty and driven to deceit, could invent no likelier tale than this? Far from it, gentlemen, far from it! That mask is the mask of one, who, if guilty and driven to bay, could fabricate a lie so perfect and ingenious that the simple, childish tale he tells would be but a flimsy veil beside it.

"If he had slain the victim; if he had fled; if on the shore he had saw the witness (as he did) who saw his flight, and known therefore that the establishment of an alibi was practically impossible, gentlemen, would he have dared to face you with so idle a tale as this?"

Counsel for the defense flung up his hand and his gaunt face was lifted as he cried:

"Never! Never! Knowing himself guilty; knowing his flight witnessed; knowing an alibi impossible; unaware of any other visitor to the island on whom to fasten guilt; ignorant of any other boat drifting in mute testimony of that midnight crime; and, finally, well aware that a cause for the victim's hatred against himself could be adduced in court—I say, gentlemen of the jury, no such flimsy tale as this would have come to the mind behind yon cold and cunning countenance. His plea in such a case would inevitably have been—self-defense."

The speaker paused; he grew weary, weary; he

had a pallid, lonely face; and over his eyes he passed his long and ugly hand.

"No," he said; "the very simplicity of his story is its truth. The very unlikeliness of his defense is its likeliness. It is not clever; it is queer—so queer that it is natural, for nature's law is the law of the unexpected. And, gentlemen," he slowly shook his head, "it seems to me to be the truest story from the lips of man accused of murder, that ever I—that ever I—"

Counsel for the defense sighed heavily; he let his yearning eye fall on the jurors one by one; and forgot.

At length he finished. "That ever I seen," he said.

The prosecuting attorney, who, in his rapid walking to and fro, had now and then halted and fixed on the speaker a fiery look of rebellion, and seemed about to start from his very shoes with objections, now continued his promenade, and chuckled and flapped his hands under the diverted tails of his coat.

The woman had leaned further and further over the polished oak table toward counsel for the defense, her body strained against it, her elbow upon it, her blue-white hand supporting her chin. Still, as though she stared at both a horror and a fascination, her suffering eyes were bent upon the speaker.

He had for a moment bowed and gazed upon the floor; now he lifted his head as though there were a great weight upon it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this woman."

Her fingers drew up tight along her cheek, and were clinched. He paused long.

"I come to the conclusion," counsel said, "that she lied. Why? Perchance for the noblest of a woman's reasons, to shield another!"

He grew intense and terrible; he swept the whole room with his burning eye of scorn, and cried:

"Let me recall, then, her testimony, her sacrifice, the hallowed perjury of her woman's heart. She

does not deny that the murdered man was not her husband. She swears that this defendant knew her secret, and was forever hounding her and her companion in their hiding, demanding and receiving from the murdered man a tribute for his silence. She swears that on the fatal night this prisoner's intrusions had gone so far beyond endurance that her paramour rebelled, and when defendant once again demanded tribute for his silence, there then ensued a bitter quarrel, leading to a struggle, in the midst of which this prisoner drew his weapon from his pocket, and before her eyes fired the fatal shot, and fled.

"Gentlemen, is there not in this very tale an admission which explains her reason for inventing it? Secret? Aha!—" He shook his hand in the air; his face was deathly pale, and his eye was again the daring one that had looked into the California sun. "What secret? What secret is this that lurks behind the painted canvas of her fabrication, holding within itself the germs of murder! Silence. No answer. That secret, locked in the bosom of this woman, sealed by the thin and cunning lips of this defendant, you will never know. But see! He wrested from them tribute for his silence. Who, who, gentlemen of the jury, could ever wrest such tribute unless the payers feared? And if they feared, and feared to such degree that they would pay thus heavily for safety, was there not then pursuing them, or ready to pursue, some being who inspired that fear, some being," counsel's voice was hoarse and his tall body bent far over toward the jury, "some being whom these two had wronged, ready for vengeance; breathing out of the black night of this unfathomable mystery fire of hate and death, like pursuing lightnings from the bosom of the midnight storm—ready, therefore, to slay?"

Flung upward like the eucalyptus tree when the wind has passed, his tall form straightened. The woman had gripped the table's edge; she seemed stunned.

"And if pursuing," continued counsel for defense, again with great weariness, "perhaps finding at last. In spite of concealment, in spite of tribute, in spite of shame, repentance, misery, and woman's anguish—perhaps successful at last! Who knows what form of man emerges at length from out the shadows behind them, man loving her still, loving her still with all his soul, trampled and poisoned though it be? Who knows what lonely figure stands upon the shore of Newport Bay at night, the goal before him, and the wreck of life behind! See; yonder is the island, small blacker spot in his world's blackness, yet thereupon, for him, the lurid fires of hell. He enters his boat and rows thither; the night breathes damply on his ruin; the night envelopes him in clinging veils of gentleness; yet here upon this island, hear in these lonely cottage walls, still glow for him the lurid fires of hell. He lands. He walks straight up the height. A beam of light issues through a crack of the door; he opens, and stalks in."

Counsel for the defense was trembling; over the face of counsel for the defense fled horrid pallor. The woman seemed as though, at the very moment when she must scream, she was turned to stone.

"The lamplight falls upon him. The door is closed. Behold revenge! Behold the mighty retribution, glaring upon them, its eyes set in rock. Yet even as she gazes on him, dumb, there rushes into her woman's orbs a flood of terrible relief. To the bottom of the pit has her suffering and her shame descended, and up out of the bottom thereof her repentance and her love arise. Behold, with all her heart, still she loves him. And he, glaring upon them with the eyes that are set in rock, with all his wrecked and poisoned soul, he loves her still.

The Soul's Exile

BY GEORGE STERLING

LOW to Hesperian gateways cold
The stricken daylight turns,
And lone upon the sunset's gold
The star of evening burns.

With hush of shadow dimmer grown,
With peace to weary things,
Night from celestial glooms unknown,
Her holy silence brings.

She stills the mourning of the wind—
How very deep the rest
Her tranquil moonlight seems to find
Upon the lily's breast!

Calm, beyond any dream of calm,
Her soul unfathomed lies;
The little fringes of the palm
Are quiet on her skies.

Untroubled sleeps the dreamless bird
Beside the sleeping rill;
The lucent stars alone are stirred,
For all on earth is stilled.

Profound the sense, at such an hour,
Of some forgotten change,
And distant moon and nearest flow'r
Alike seem far and strange.

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"And as he stands, the wretch who stabbed them both springs up, and fearing death, plunges upon the dreaded apparition. And the apparition, drawing his weapon, fires, and slays her slavery and breaks her chains, and flees."

The jury marked how the fingers of his hand, raised high above his head, shook like the fingers of a palm leaf in the desert wind. Counsel for the defense was haggard. And some saw with curiosity, then with alarm, that the woman, sitting rigid in her chair, had lost all consciousness.

He stood with his back upon her, staring at the wall, while they revived her. They wished to lead her away, but she would not go. She was all right now, she said. Her mind again gathering up the broken pieces of her life, and the beauty of her anguish again upon her face, she turned to hear the rest.

"Denounce her for the lie?" he cried; and here a ghostly, curious smile went past his face, and left it placid. "No; rather am I here to defend her for it. Am I not, then, counsel for the defense? For that lie, gentlemen of the jury, I hallow her. Here, with what tenderness I may, I place her naked soul upon the utmost pinnacle of honor; and see, in this her lying, that soul's most beautiful product and most lovely fruit. Told though it was to send a guiltless villain to the gallows, it is the ripe juice of the tangled vine of her torn heart, pressed out, bleeding its loveliness and its repentance, for the saving of him who dares not save himself! See her problem; see the struggle that rends her! And she nerves herself," he wheeled upon her with a look of adoration, "a heroine stained and wretched, nerves herself to sacrifice the guiltless wicked for the guilty and the beloved. And I honor her for it."

"No admiration from me for a pale and systematized morality; for truth that is true only because tied to some old rule that prohibits a lie. Rather than morality I honor that which calls for a soul to rise when caught between two millstones, and hurl down one. And so this woman, caught as she was between the millstones of the problem, now breaks upon my view with something of grandeur. She has done the noblest thing that woman's heart could do; she has lied."

Now his form went through its last agitation; on her he turned his solemn eyes, and seemed to dream.

"If I were that man who loved her, and who, be-

cause his love would not be slain and would not die, stained his hand in blood to break her chain; if I were that miserable wretch, haunted, hiding, suffering day and night the tortures of the damned, worshipping her still, brooding on the scattered embers of his life, fearing that the innocent might suffer for his crime, yet daring not to come forth and drag himself, and her, to death; if I were that crushed and pitiable being, I would see in this lie a light upon her love, and know that it answered mine and lived yet and sprang up pure and repentant out of the dregs. And with all my soul," he raised his face as though he threw the great weight off, "with all my soul I would forgive her."

He paused and stood; at length he turned to look about, as though dazed. And then he sat him down. As he did so the terror departed from her eyes. She melted; she flung down her head upon the polished oak, and broke into sobs.

The jury sighed, as with a strain relieved, and sank into strange, hypnotic torpor, from which not even the hottest blasts of eloquence from the prosecuting attorney, who (having saved his objections till now) poured out refutation for an hour, could rouse them. A bitterness in the words of counsel for the prosecution; the flush of embattled failure was on his brow. During his speech, counsel for the defense sat motionless; and the woman raised not her head. Toward evening a verdict was rendered—not guilty.

Most of the audience had departed long since. Counsel for the defense, whose eye had seemed to pierce the panels of the jury's door, arose, and threw back his shoulders and breathed a long, long sigh. He took his hat, and seeing no one, stalked toward the door with a sedate tread.

Suddenly the freed man was before him; his face a mixture of gratitude and dastardliness. He was pale with relief, and thrust out a clean, nervous hand.

Counsel for the defense looked through him; counsel for the defense looked over him; the shadow of his unutterable scorn was on the lawyer's face—and disappeared. He left the hand untaken, and stalked out.

The California sky was red with the dying fires of day; flushed were the magnolia blooms, and all the trees were still like waxen things in the hush of evening. Away yonder down the straight and level streets, new with the bright enterprise of Western newness, walked the woman. And here strode he.

The railway station was far away; but she walked thither. A train was leaving for Newport Beach, and

boarding it she sat down. The past, the present, the future, were as a veil woven between the world and her set face.

Through the rear door of the car came counsel for the defense, and likewise sat him down, a dozen seats behind her. Amid walnut groves, then over the wide barley fields of the San Joaquin ranch, rushed the train. The distant mountains were losing the last pink flush; the air of ocean fluttered in. The woman's head leaned back, and she stared at the roof of the car.

Out on the wharf, as though it would cool its steamy fury in the waters of the sea, the train rushed and halted. She came out, and passing her hand across her wide, dumb eyes, gazed at the little resort, beautiful in the first shades of dusk, at the sea roaring up the wide, flat beach, and at some bathers leaping in its breakers.

From them she turned, and going down to the sea's edge, walked away from the town, along the damp, firm sand, the sea running up to worship at her feet.

Behind her at a distance, over the same sand, over her footsteps washed away, came counsel for the defense. The dusk was deepening, a lonely and a sounding universe was this, and they two were in the empty middle of it, alone.

One long, hollow mile, and the waters and the sands; then she turned inward over the dunes, and struggling across them, came to an arm of Newport Bay, and stood by its quiet waters on a deserted shore.

He, too, came over the dunes, and approached the bay. He saw her standing alone beside a boat, gazing across to yonder little island, with woman's everlasting hunger on her face. And so—counsel for the defense came near.

"Mary," he said.

She turned. He had taken off his hat, and the sea-wind blew his iron-gray hair about his face. She shut her eyes.

"Mary—" he cried, her anguish passing into him; "haven't I—said enough?"

But she stood with her eyes shut. So—counsel for the defense came nearer.

"Mary," he cried; his voice was hoarse. "Can't you take it?"

But she still stood with her eyes shut. And therefore counsel for the defense stretched out his arms and took her back to him.

From The Argonaut.

BOUDOIRS OF NOTED WOMEN.

Because there are so many interesting women in Washington is without doubt the reason there are so many more than usually interesting boudoirs here, where women whose fame as beauties and wits circles the globe, meet and entertain their friends.

From the days when Mrs. Cleveland transformed one end of the great second floor hall at the White House into a sitting room, where with her piano and pictures and a bit of embroidery she entertained her friends, the private boudoir of the first lady of the land has had special significance. Mrs. Roosevelt, to some extent, still uses that same end of the hall, arranged with tables and chairs. Most of her time with very intimate friends, however, is spent in the library, just over the blue room and overlooking the Mall and the Potomac.

While the guest chambers at the east end of the house are all ranged en suite, Miss Roosevelt, like her mother, has but a single room which she can call her own. It is nevertheless a perfect storehouse of treasures. Miss Roosevelt's room is on the north front of the house, overlooking Pennsylvania avenue. She showed her independence of taste by ordering all the decorations removed after the completion of the second floor, because the colors displeased her. While she was absent the walls, woodwork, and in fact every feature of the decoration of the room was changed to suit her. Now she has a far prettier room than any other President's daughter ever enjoyed.

If no other evidences of Miss Roosevelt's popularity existed, the treasures in her room would still attest the number of her admirers. It is a veritable museum of artistic tokens.

Miss Roosevelt is not the least bit literary or bookish, but she is artistic, as the arrangement of her treasures shows. To the gift left her by Prince Henry of Germany, and the representatives of the French Government, at the unveiling of the Rochambeau monument, there have recently been added numerous rare and beautiful things presented to her while at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

Miss Roosevelt has a fine collection of pictures. It has been greatly increased by gifts of the Spanish Minister, who presented some of his own excellent work, and pictures collected by other diplomats from all over the world. There are also some fine specimens of Japanese art among Miss Roosevelt's souvenirs.

Baroness Moncheur, the beautiful American wife of the Belgian Minister, has one of the most interesting boudoirs in Washington, and it is entirely her own conception of bringing chaos from a too desolate legation home, where formerly bachelors reigned in severe simplicity.

There are pretty tables filled with photographs and choice bits of bric-a-brac. A long, old-fashioned mantle shelf or fireboard in the Baroness's boudoir she has covered with a fall of Oriental embroidery, and upon it are ranged a dozen of interesting photographs gath-

ered from friends in various parts of the world.

Quite a halo is now thrown about the charming boudoir of the fair hostess of the Belgian legation. In this same artistic apartment, where she came as a bride a few years ago, the christening of her little daughter three weeks old took place. There were so many beautiful floral offerings sent to the new little girl and her mother, that there was scarcely a thing in the room visible under the burden of the blossoms.

Just why the boudoirs of foreign women, or rather the wives of foreigners, are more interesting than others can scarcely be told except that they are generally filled with the quaint and curious of many lands, rather than commonplace, merely pretty American belongings.

The boudoir of the bride of Captain de Chair, R. N., naval attaché of the British embassy, is just such a room as this. She has combined in it the rare and beautiful of many lands with the good taste to which she fell heir.

Captain and Mrs. de Chair have apartments at the Highlands, where the Captain took his bride to live upon her arrival here last winter, and where great hospitality has been dispensed ever since.

Baroness von Sternberg, wife of the German Ambassador, has one of the most luxurious private apartments in Washington, her boudoir being located on the main floor of the embassy, and near Baron von Sternberg's library. The room is a study in blue and white, pale blue silk upholstery, and the walls above the white dado, and pale blue hangings over lace curtains accentuating the combination. On the floor there is a soft blue carpet covered with Oriental rugs. White furniture plays an important part in the make-up of the room. Above the dado the baroness has arranged a number of photographs from her fine collection, while the room is rich in Chinese and Indian curios which,

like the rugs upon the floors, were collected personally by her.

Among the large collection of interesting pictures is a set of colored prints representing the costumes of women of all ages and of particular interest to the baroness's callers. It is in this charming room she entertains her friends, pours a cup of tea or sits with her book and sewing.

Countess Cassini felt so disappointed with the severe effect of her room after the Russian embassy moved into its present quarters that when she went to Paris last summer she selected everything for her boudoir, from the hangings for the wall to the curtains at the windows. The room is a charming conception in pink and white, with white curtains, and even a pink and white rug on the floor.

Like the Baroness von Sternberg, the countess possesses a special gift for decorative art. Her clever touches are seen all over the embassy, but especially in her own apartments. Photographs from all over the world play a conspicuous part in the decoration of the room, and from the mantel shelf and picture rails about the walls to the numerous tables which lend a charm to the room she daily arranges and takes care of the vast collection. A small white desk where the countess carries on her correspondence—for she keeps no social secretary—is also burdened with photographs, as well as numerous rare treasures presented by the ambassador and many titled friends from all parts of the earth.

Flowers always play a conspicuous part in the countess's decorative schemes. Her own boudoir is seldom minus a perfect wealth of blossoms, as well as potted plants.

She has a window seat, arranged with plenty of delicately upholstered pillows peeping from under the simple mouseline curtains. There are chairs possessing every degree of comfort from the high-backed, spindle-legged affair before her desk to the luxurious rockers

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A work table is not the least attractive belonging of the industrious little countess. She has every possible facility for manufacturing her own hats and gowns and making pretty fancy things for her girl friends.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, the Julian Gordon of the literary world, has two apartments which are familiar to her friends. On the first floor of the



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NOT IN A TRUST.

quaint old house, once the British embassy, in which she lives when in Washington, is her boudoir, where she spends a quiet morning with some new book or an intimate friend. On the second floor and just back of her sleeping apartment is a small room, almost wholly devoid of adornment. Here she works and writes. Here are a desk and chair, some books, and little else, except a screen before the old fireboard, and a few uninteresting photographs along the shelf.

The other room in which Mrs. Cruger luxuriates is filled with the rarest sort of a collection of pretty things made while Colonel Cruger was alive, and which filled his famous Long Island home.

Here under the shade of a pink-canopied lamp, on the most classic settee or sofa imaginable, Mrs. Cruger reads or receives her friends. There are numerous more-than-good pictures on the walls. Upon a thick railing surrounding the wall about three feet from the floor rest numerous photographs and small pieces of bric-a-brac. This room, like all of the others of the house, has no artificial light other than candles or an oil lamp. Mrs. Cruger taboos gas and other modern improvements. The house is lighted by candles. It is heated by stoves or open fireplaces.

It is through a mysterious little door in the second floor room—the work-room—through which Mrs. Cruger passes down a flight of steps into the garden. It is up a flight of steps that she passes into her curious bedroom, where there is never a sign of a bed. She considers them rather inartistic belongings. She sleeps upon a couch filled by day with pillows and canopied in white.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven, now abroad, who has occupied the old General Meigs house since coming to Washington, and who is also of a literary turn of mind, has a beautiful boudoir. She is fond of pink, and this is the color, in a rather

heavy shade, which covered both wall and furniture.

Mrs. de Koven is a daughter of the late Senator Farwell, and is, of course, able to indulge all her tastes in the way of adornment. The walls of her room are hung in striped pink silk. The couch upon which she rests is also upholstered in the same color. There is a show of white woodwork under lace curtain and draperies and much of the furniture, especially the charming desk corner, is in white. To further carry out the pink color scheme, Mrs. de Koven is fond of pink in her costumes. She generally receives her intimates in the most luxurious and attractive pink silk negligees, with even pink shoes to match.

Mrs. de Koven is a woman of charming manner, and had she been born poor instead of rich might have had a better incentive for work. As it is, she has made an excellent translation of Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman," and has written "A Sawdust Doll," "By the Waters of Babylon," and numerous magazine and newspaper articles. She is fond of reading, and in her boudoir one may find the very newest and choicest of books.

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew shows the effect of her French education in all her surroundings. There is not a suggestiveness of the Oriental lavishness of other women's boudoirs in her own, at Corcoran House. Instead, there is that light effect and general airiness begot of white furniture, delicate silk upholsterings and delicate pictures which are never apart from Parisian taste. Pretty desks, quaintly shaped divans and good pictures mark Mrs. Depew's elegant boudoir as that of a woman of education and refinement, rather than simply a lover of luxury.—*Washington Times*.

CATCHING BOTH SIDES

William Redmond, M. P., once arose to speak in the House of Commons, according to the *Boston Evening Record*, and there came a question, hurled at him from the right side of the house:

"Will you vote for this bill if it comes up?"

Mr. Redmond looked from one side of the house to the other and slowly answered:

"I will—"

Immediately the right side of the house burst into a storm of applause. But Mr. Redmond continued, as soon as he could be heard:

"—not—"

Then the storm came from the left side, and as soon as it subsided for a moment he completed what he started:

"—answer that question."

And perfect silence reigned on both sides.

CAUSE OF ACTION

Hicks—"Pulling, the dentist, has brought suit against one of his patients for damages caused by the extraction of one of the patient's teeth."

Wicks—"Guess you mean the patient has brought suit against the dentist."

Hicks—"Mean what I said. Dr. Pull-

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HOURS: DAILY, 8 A. M. TO 8 P. M.
SAT. UNTIL 12 MIGHT

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

ing declares he was over-persuaded by his patient, and he estimates if the tooth had been left in it would have been worth at least \$150 to him to keep it in working order."—*Boston Transcript*.

ATE HIS WORDS

Irate Caller—"You said in your column this morning that 'Miss Irene McJones, who sang next, has a voice which, with proper cultivation, may become a decidedly pleasing one in time.' I am Miss McJones' musical instructor. Sir, her people have spent \$2,000 on her voice, and I consider that notice of her in the highest degree offensive and uncalled for."

Mr. Fretttus (musical critic)—"Well, sir, I am willing to take it all back. You have convinced me that no amount of cultivation will ever make her voice a pleasing one."—*Chicago Tribune*.

LACK OF PERSONALITIES

While there is no lack of clever men and women at the present day, there is certainly a dearth of great personalities. Among politicians Mr. Chamberlain is the only man who can fairly be said to possess any striking individuality. Among our judges there are many able lawyers, but no one to be compared with the late Lord Russell or Lord Coleridge. The bench, in fact, consists of mediocrities. Bishops, perhaps, may have less opportunity of impressing themselves on the imagination of the people than either politicians or lawyers, but we certainly have no Magees nor Temples among us at the present day. Magee would certainly not have encouraged passive resistance, but with such an opportunity as the Education Act he would assuredly for the time being have

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Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

been one of the most prominent members in the House of Lords. At the present moment I doubt whether the man in the street could tell you the names of half a dozen of our Bishops.—*London Tatler*.

ITS DAY OUT

Guest—"Bring me a broiled chicken, waiter."

Waiter—"Very sorry, sir, but the chicken's out."

Guest (sarcastically)—"Did it leave word when it would return?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

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SCIENCE OF GRAPHOLOGY

The so-called science of graphology, or, the estimation of character from an examination of handwriting, has generally been regarded by scientific men as in the same class with palmistry, astrology, and other pseudo sciences. Of late, however, *La Nature*, the French popular journal of science has been giving some space to it, and recently an article appeared in it on the subject by a French professor of the art, M. Solange Pellat. M. Pellat's presentation is interesting and conservative, and if graphology is ever to be enrolled as a branch of psychophysiology, which is the position that he claims for it, it will be through such reasonable pleas as the one that he offers here. Says M. Pellat: "Graphology is a branch of psychophysiology. It is the study of the relations between handwriting and the distinctive traits of individuality—the kind and degree of intelligence, character and temperament."

"Graphology is quite often misunderstood, and even decried. . . . The faults of the handwriting experts are often imputed to it, without realizing that we have here two distinct studies. To seek the writer of a forgery is not the same problem as to trace the intellectual and moral portrait of an individual by means of his handwriting. . . . The objections against graphology really refute themselves when we understand what it actually is. . . .

"The study of graphology includes two distinct and successive parts, which are generally confused—one concerns the graphic laws and their manifestations; the other, the co-ordination of traits of character. We may understand the former perfectly without being able to accomplish the second, which demands a power of diagnosis comparable to that which the physician must possess in addition to his knowledge of pathological principles. . . .

"What are the graphic laws? The expression of a natural fact of a psychophysiological phenomenon that has nothing improbable in it and has been established by experience:

"The cerebral mechanism that gives

rise to the movements of the writer is in correlation with the general organic state of the brain, and varies with the modalities of this state. Thus the handwriting is found to be in harmony with the varieties of constitution and the monetary modifications of the brain, and, consequently, with the psychic phenomena to which these correspond.

"It has been said that nothing prevents a man from changing his handwriting, and it has been thought in this way to deny the foundations of graphology. Of course we may make use of different alphabets in writing or of different idioms in speaking, and we may also vary the forms of our alphabet if there are several types of the same letter. But this is not the question, for we do not thus alter the graphic characteristics of the hand—the closeness of curves, the suppleness of the line, the rapid motion, amplitude of pen-movement, care in details, etc. . . .

We can not enter here into the details of the graphic laws, which are complex and numerous. We shall be content with citing some particularly important graphological principles as follows:

"The graphic movements manifesting egotism or altruism are motions determined by the position of the writer with relation to the text. The writer, who moves toward the right, and whose hand and body are placed below the sheet of paper, feels constantly that what he has written is to his left and above. When one writes, the ego is in action, but the feeling of egotism passes through alternations of intensity and weakness. It is at its maximum when an effort is to be made—that is, at the beginnings of words, and at its minimum when the movement of writing is aided by the acquired impulse—that is, at the ends. The result is that, if we consider a fragment of writing, its first part, that to the left, represents the writer in its relation to the second part that toward the right.

"Persons with a strong will use more force spontaneously than the effeminate. The manifestations of will in handwriting come from the energy exerted.

"An intense functional activity of the cerebral organism, like that which accompanies ardor, gaiety, overexcitement, results in impressing an ascending movement upon the handwriting. To diminution of vitality corresponds a weakening of its strength.

"Impressionable persons have a handwriting with continual inequalities in the heights of words or letters their spacing, the directions of the lines, etc.

"The graphic movements of nervous people are abrupt, like all their other motions. Imaginative persons have a hand full of movement, without monotonous regularity, and with broad sweeps.

"Intelligent persons instinctively simplify their letters, while preserving their cleanness. Cultivated men introduce typographic forms into their chirography. Taste is reflected in the elegance of the lines."

Sex, we are told, can not be determined exactly by graphology, but an estimate with a probability of ninety per cent. can usually be made. Age is also a matter of guesswork, more or less, although there are occasionally sure in-

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Style 268—Tan Russia Calf Gibson Ties; Cuban heels and wide ribbon ties
Styles 175 and 59—Brown Vici Kid Oxfords; welt soles, common-sense or military heels
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Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.

dications of it. Between voice and chirography, however, there are, according to M. Pellat, very close relations. There is even a branch of graphology devoted entirely to the subject called "phonographology." Handwriting shows, says the author, whether a voice is ascending or descending in pitch, whether it is harmonious or discordant. It may even be possible to tell by the voices of a group of persons around an autograph to which of them it belongs. The writer goes on to say:

"To make a graphologic portrait it is necessary to procure several autographs of the writer, written under different circumstances, so that the fixed elements of the character may be distinguished from the momentary disposition, which also has an influence on the chirography.

"To analyze a character is not to indicate all its possible manifestations, but to determine the fundamental traits that make it up and their respective importance. . . . The analyst must thus disregard that which has least importance, and begin by seeking the dominant graphic features of the writing. . . .

"The co-ordination of the traits of character, which comes next, presents no less difficulty. A character is not a simple grouping of tendencies, but a complex *ensemble*, whose parts react mutually. . . . The resultants must also be established—that is to say, those traits must be brought into relief which, without manifesting themselves directly in the handwriting, result normally, in

accordance with psychologic laws, from the simultaneous presence of two or more others. Thus a proud and impressionable man is susceptible, a naive and pretentious person is prejudiced, etc.

"The graphic movements are registered with very great precision. They may be examined with calmness by impartial minds and may undergo several examinations successively. Graphology constitutes a method of research superior to observation in daily relations, which gives results at once more numerous and more certain than study of the physiognomy, the voice, or the general gesticulation."—*The Literary Digest*.

IT EMBARRASSED HIM

Suddenly the bands in the great convention hall struck up a ringing air, which was echoed by the bands stationed on the streets in the neighborhood. The great doors of the hall were thrown open, and, preceded by a guard of honor and two or three bands, and followed by another guard of honor and four or five bands, a small man, trying hard not to wear a self-conscious look, was escorted to the rostrum. After the cheering had subsided the chairman rose and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is unnecessary for me to say that we are about to have the pleasure of listening to a few remarks from the Hon. Gabe Izzent, of Hackasack, Fla., the only man in the United States who has never had a vice-presidential boom."—*Judge*.

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MUSIC

AT FESTIVAL HALL.

The Scranton, Pa., Choral Society richly deserved the first prize of five thousand dollars awarded it in the choral contests at the Exposition, last week. Better chorus singing has rarely been heard in this city, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Ernst observed closely Mr. Watkins' methods for future reference. The Scranton society is made up of excellent material—even the tenors are acceptable—and in addition to the precision and general smoothness of the work the quality of tone is always agreeable. Saturday's performance of "Elijah," had the conditions been right, would have been a memorable one, chorally and orchestrally, but the frightful heat, the villainous acoustics of Festival Hall, and the general confusion that followed the reading of the report of the judges, were decidedly hostile to mood in singers, as well as auditors. However, the chorus sang magnificently in the opening numbers of the oratorio, and the soloists did creditable work, though Mr. Miles did not attempt to conceal his annoyance and perhaps his frame of mind was responsible for the startlingly Mephistophelean reading he gave of the part of *Elijah*. Mrs. Epstein acquitted herself amazingly well in the soprano role. She is a very young singer, and her development into a great artist is only a matter of time. Miss Spencer sang the alto music delightfully, and Mr. Cowper is a very satisfactory tenor, as tenors go.

The Evanston Choral Club aimed high when they selected Elgar's "Caractacus" for performance, but shot wide of the mark. The work demands a choral virtuosity that is not the Evanston Society's, and in his writing for the solo voice, Mr. Elgar considers neither lung nor larynx. The orchestra worked hard, and as the composer put the best that is in him into the orchestration, the instrumental part of the work was enjoyable. It is virile, stirring music, distinguished in theme and treatment, and, adequately performed, "Caractacus" should be of very strong appeal to the concert goer who demands of the can-

tata something more than mere prettiness and melodic inanity.

The Dubuque Oratorio Society gave "The Creation" acceptably. Indeed, the Dubuque Society sang so well that its failure to capture a prize was a matter for general surprise and regret.

One of the most delightful features of the week was the superior work of the Pittsburg Cathedral Choir, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Otten.



Amateur Actress—Have you made preparations for our tour?

Husband—Yes, dear, I have bought for both of us two pairs of Swope's shoes. They're the easiest to walk in, and I think we'll need 'em. For comfortable shoes everyone should go to 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis.



THE BOERS AND BRITISH

The Boer War continues to be the greatest outdoor attraction at the Fair. It is new to everybody and the realism is heightened by the close application of military tactics, the Boer "trek," the English charges, the antics of the trained horses and the appearance of the several hundred Kaffirs in and about the field of battle. It is a great sight, this wonderful war spectacle. The several battles that are fought in mimic, with the scenic effects almost identical to those in the original settings in South Africa, furnish the layman a good idea of the horrors of modern war, with high power rifles, smokeless powder and the far reaching explosive shells, all messengers of death. The best trained soldiers of both Boer and British forces are to be seen in these engagements. The dashing cavalrman, his mount almost as keen as he to the game that is being played, the wild artillerists galloping over the hills and veldts and the footmen in open formation charging the various impregnable fortresses of nature, all have the marks of the true cavalier. Fighting is their trade and they have often faced death with a smile. The battles of Colenso and Paardeburg and the engagements in which the brave Cronje participated are among the great battles of the Boer-British war and these are presented with remarkable accuracy as to general effect and detail. It is a magnificent show, which no one attending the Fair should miss. The field of battle is opposite station No. 11 of the Intramural Railroad.



TEXAS JUSTICE

After the jury in a Texas case had listened to the charge of the court and gone to their room to deliberate upon the verdict, one of the twelve went right to the point by saying: "That thar' Pike Muldrow orter to be convicted on gen'ral principles. He's bad as they make 'em."

As the hum of approval went around a weazened little juror said: "I heerd that Pike guv' it out that hed go gunnin' for us if we sent him up, jes' soon's he got out, an' fur the jedge, too."

"We must perfect the jedge," they agreed, and the verdict was "not guilty." —*Detroit Free Press.*



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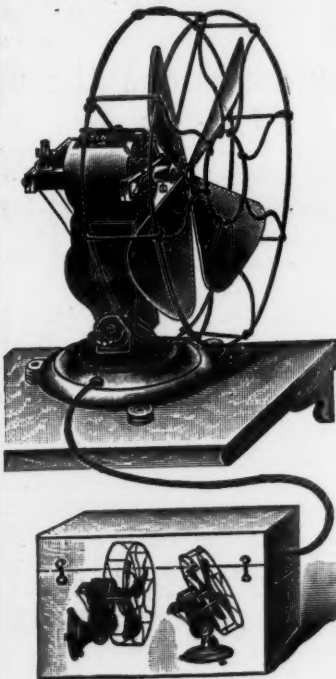
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THE JAPANESE WIFE

In Japan the good wife is always dressed before her husband in the morning. Then, immaculate in attire and smiling in countenance, she must, if there are not the necessary servants, perform the part of valet. First she brings a tray with pipe, tobacco and matches; then later, still smiling, a cup of tea and the morning paper to solace her lord till time for him to dress for breakfast. At his toilet she also assists, and when breakfast is over she

speeds him, with more smiles, on his way to office or shop.—*From the Philadelphia Press.*



THE ONLY WAY

Hostess—"Won't you get your wife to sing for us, Mr. Kraft?"

Mr. Kraft—"I'll try to. I think she'll do it."

Hostess—"Ah! you'll ask her to, then?"

Mr. Kraft—"No, I'll ask her not to." —*Philadelphia Press.*

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The days were never hotter. Gas Ranges were never lower. The terms were never easier. Buy NOW and learn the luxury of living!

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We Have Made the Way Easy

For you to change from old to modern methods.
Why not enjoy a cool, clean kitchen—NOW?

See sample ranges at your
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Company's sub-stations
or main office.



Word to us will bring full
information to your
door.

NEW BOOKS

Alymer Maude's translation of Leo Tolstoy's volume on "What is Art?" has just been issued by Funk & Wagnall, publishers, of New York. Concerning the original Mr. Maude declared that it cleared his vision so that he never again became perplexed upon the central issues of the problem. The price per copy is 80 cents.

John Lane announces for immediate publication the third volume of the historical sketches of the Theosophical Society by its president-founder, Henry Steel Olcott. This third series, "Old Diary Leaves, The only Authentic History of the Theosophical Society," takes up the narrative in the autumn of 1883 and carries it forward to May, 1887. The first series, it will be remembered, covered the period from the meeting of Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Olcott in 1874 to their departure from New York for Bombay in December, 1878. The second told of their adventures in India and Ceylon, the formation of branches, the giving of lectures and the healings of the sick by hundreds with other occult phenomena. In this volume accounts are given of the founder's meeting with several of the "Masters" in the course of his travels, and the results of the same; of the removal of the society's

headquarters from Bombay to Madras; of H. P. B's departure from her beloved Indian home into the exile of an European residence. Some space is given to the troublous times of the Coulomb conspiracy, and the subject of the S. P. R. report is vigorously dealt with, in the thought of placing in the hands of all members of the Society facts for the refutation of the personal criticism that has been visited upon the name of Madame Blavatsky. An interesting description will also be found in this volume of the building and formal installation of the Adyar Library, with ceremonies of an unprecedented character conducted by Indian pundits, Buddhist monks, Parsimobeds, and a Moslem mauvi. The price per copy is \$2.

A BELATED EXPLANATION

An innocent looking German boy walked into a drug store the other day and faced the proprietor.

"Haf you got some bees' stings for rheumatism?" he shyly inquired.

"Bees' stings for rheumatism," the proprietor repeated. "Where did you hear of that?" "Why, muther vas reating it by de newspapers," replied the lad.

The proprietor laughed.

"I've seen something of that kind in the papers," he said, "but I won't at-

tempt to offer you anything just as good. Where is the rheumatism?"

"In de handt und in de arm," the boy replied.

"Well, see here," said the proprietor with a sudden smile, "I haven't got the cure on my shelves, but I keep it in my back yard. You go out through this door and walk around my flower beds. When you see four or five bees resting on a flower just try to pick them up."

The boy nodded and went out. He was gone at least ten minutes.

When he came back his face was red and his nose—where an angry bee had alighted—was beginning to swell. He held out his hand.

"I picked me some of dose bees oop," he placidly remarked.

"Did you?" said the amused proprietor. "And does your hand feel any better?"

The boy looked.

"It ain't for me," he placidly said.

"It's for by bruder."—*From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



"Papa," said little Arthur after his mother had punished him, "will you do something for me?"

"What is it you want?"

"Marry somebody else, and I wish you'd pick out grandma, because she's always kind to me."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE PEAKS OF THE PIKE

It's a wise man that seeks the cool, pleasant spots these days, and that's the reason the Alps' exhibit on the World's Fair Pike is the objective of the foot-sore and weary Exposition tourist. No place like the local Alps, save in Switzerland, and the peaks on the Pike are so much like the real article, in all that pertains to the comfort and pleasure of mankind, that the difference is only slightly felt, if at all. There are always cool breezes blowing on the Pike Alps, and good cheer is always on tap. What more is necessary? Amusements galore can be found there and the scenic railway is fine. The orchestra of one hundred pieces furnishes first-class music, and the villagers, Tyrolean singers and warblers, and a variety of other features add to the general cheerfulness of the spot. There is nothing to excel it; you must go to the Alps for a taste of real life. Plenty of fun, lots of good things to eat, potables that "touch" the spot these days, and no unnecessary delays in service.



Skidds—I understand the Russians are going to send their Port Arthur warships overland.

Flypp—Good gracious! How?

Skidds—By blowing 'em up.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

DRAMATIC

AT THE HIGHLANDS.

"The big place on the hill," Forest Park Highlands, is never without a breeze. That a great many persons have discovered this fact is shown by the crowds. And the show that Colonel Hopkins furnishes is always good. During the week the Hanlons, Galetti's dogs and monkeys, Mignonette Kokin, Dixon, Bowers and Dixon, Wills and Hazan proved equally as popular as the nimble, graceful Papinta, who, by the way, is now in her last week as a local attraction. The coming show at the Highlands will be of the usual high order.

Among the novelties in next week's programme are the Rappo Sisters, Siberian dancers, gun spinners and novelty performers; A. P. Rostow, Russian equilibrist; York and Adams, Hebrew impersonators; Four Rianos, comedy gymnasts; Raymond and Caverley, Dutch character comedians, and Al Lawrence, a good mimetic and monologist.

KIRALFY'S ODEON SPECTACLE.

Despite the warm weather without, the Odeon, where Kiralfy's Louisiana Purchase Spectacle is being presented, continues to be a well crowded cave of cooling breezes. The audience do not suffer from the heat since the auditorium and even the stage and upper parts of the playhouse are cooled by well placed electric fans. And the great spectacle continues to improve with each performance.

"LOUISIANA" AT DELMAR.

"Louisiana" is ever new and interest-



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ing to the great crowds that flock to the beautiful Delmar Garden night and day. It is having a most remarkable run and the popularity which some of its lyrics have attained is evidenced by the performance of the whistling expert that is encountered nowadays in car, hotel, home and street. The various other attractions of Delmar, aggregating fifty, find many patrons in the immense crowds and the daily band concerts are popular with the strollers and those who delight in a siesta under the trees or on the cafe balcony.

THE STATUARY ATTRACTION.

Nilsson's statuary exhibit, "Two Thousand Years Ago," which occupies the large park at Grand and Laclede avenues, grows in popularity with all classes. The Life of Christ, in sixteen groups, and the scenes from Palestine constitute a great sermon which never fails to rivet the attention of beholders. This exhibit is unique and edifying and to many has an educational value of considerable importance. It is indeed well worth seeing.

NIGHT OWLS COMING.

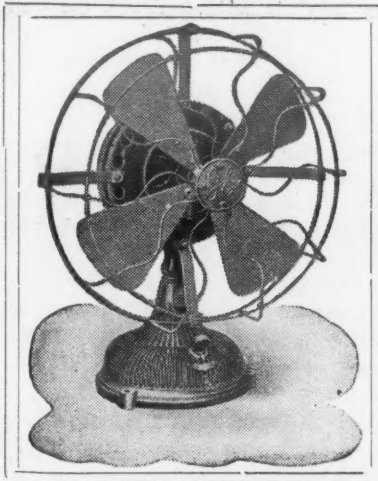
"The Gaiety Girls" have been holding forth at the Standard Theater with great success during the week. The attendance at this popular house was as large as usual, for the temperature is kept well within the range of moderate by the use of many fans and the shirt-waist rule also tends to the great comfort of the patrons. The coming attraction, "The Night Owls," will prove a good one. There are a number of clever singers, dancers and sketch artists in the company and the girls are all pretty.

POULTICED WRONG CRAMPS

The following is told of a couple who attended the State Fair last fall and stopped at one of the best hotels in Salem. About 2 A. M. the husband was seized suddenly with severe stomach cramps and was almost frantic. His wife was very frightened, but knew that something must be done quickly, so without waiting to put on clothing started downstairs on the jump with naught on but her "nighty." Running into the dining room she saw a mustard cruet on the table. Emptying the contents into her handkerchief she started upstairs on the run, and entered the first door she came to. Here she saw a man lying on the bed, who in the dim duskiness she mistook for her husband, and gently tucking up his lingerie slapped the poultice on his abdomen. The man let out a howl, and sitting up quickly shouted in angry tones: "Woman, what in h—l are you doing?" There was a shriek, a patter of unshod feet on the hall floor, and, frightened half to death, the poor wife found her room and suffering husband. She told him her troubles and it tickled him so that his cramps took a change of venue.—*Toledo (Wash.) Leader.*

"Over in Russia the common people think Japan has been defeated and her navy swept out of existence."

"Well, it's best that they should be al-



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WASH SILKS

are Lustrous and Fast Colors. Demand these Brands.
Avoid imitations and their annoyances.

lowed to think that. The Japanese army will probably not chase the Russian army clear home, so the common people will never know the difference anyway."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"What on earth are you doing with

that ar' crab-net?" asked the farm woman behind the gingham apron.

"I'se just a-lookin' for people what casts their bread on the water," said Itinerant Ike; "ain't you goin' to do a little castin' this morning, mum?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

GERMAN ON AN OCEAN LINER

Miss Geraldine Bonner, writing from London, gives the *Argonaut* the following account of some of her experiences in crossing the Atlantic on a German boat: "To cross the ocean on a German liner when one has not one word of German in one's vocabulary is a doubtful joy. On an enormous ship, crowded to its utmost capacity, we forged on for nine cold, wet, foggy days, hearing the language of the Fatherland on every side, and struggling with the problem of responding to it when we did not have one phrase wherewith to respond. My room-mate, who was sick, and most of the time lay in her berth in a limp and speechless condition, had a sort of unconscious reversion toward French. When she roused enough for articulation, she murmured broken French phrases to the attendants that ministered to her. After she had begun to improve, she told me that an irresistible tendency to call the stewardess the *blanchisseuse* still remained with her. It was only natural that I should revert to the pigeon English of my California days. I found myself using it glibly and fluently on all occasions, and, all things considered, it met with some measure of success. We had a very nice steward—Charles Guame—young, intelligent, bright and brisk. Charles had just enough English to say, 'Very well,' 'No, thanks,' and 'All right.' At first you did not suspect the meagreness of his knowledge, because he looked so understandingly at you with his small, sharp eyes. The only thing about him that might have given you a suspicion that a comprehension of the English language was not his strong point was that his invariable response was a brief, smiling 'Please.' Charles said 'please' to nearly everything. You gave forth a sentence like this: 'Now, Charles, do not shut the ventilator. I want it open.' To which Charles would reply, bright and smiling, 'Please,' jump upon the sofa, shut the ventilator tight, and then look at you with the proud eye of one who has honestly earned a good tip. I found the pigeon English answered very nicely with Charles. If I said to him in the morning, when I was too sunk in the stupefying slumbers of ship-board to get up to breakfast, 'Go top-side and get me blikfuss,' he always did it quickly and satisfactorily. After an interval of sleep and silence, through which the creaking and groaning of the great laboring steamer made itself faintly heard, I would be roused by Charles setting down a tray on the shelf below the washstand, the dishes clattering to his arranging hand, and when all was ready, Charles' voice, a little raised, but cheerful and persuasive, pronouncing the inevitable 'Please.'

"But all the attendants were not as intelligently comprehending as Charles. The stewardess did not seem to understand at all. Pigeon English ran off her like water off a duck, not a phrase sinking in. Fortunately I had not much to do with her, as the stewardess is the especial prerogative of seasick ladies, and I am a good sailor. All that she does for the well ladies is to run the

water for their baths. As all the well ladies want to take baths at the same hour, the stewardess—in smooth weather—finds her hands full with a crowd of wrapped females, all clamoring for baths. In rough weather the clamoring subsides. A few kimono-clad figures—a decimated army—go rolling unsteadily up the passageways, and you have your pick of bath-rooms. Also you don't see the stewardess at all, unless a sudden, uncertain glimpse of her whisking across the end of a corridor, thrown as she goes, first against one hand-rail and then against the other.

"Hot salt-water baths are a great luxury at sea, but beware of them if you don't know any German. I took my first in the evening late, as, it being fair weather, the morning hours were too crowded. It was all comfortable and beautiful, except that the water was so hot, fearfully hot! I stuck my head gingerly out of the door, but there was no stewardess. A great silence lay on the once crowded and noisy bath-rooms. So I trusted myself to the heated elements, thinking perhaps the effect of being parboiled would soon wear off. But it did not. It was becoming worse. Close at hand, in the middle of the wall, were three taps, one marked 'kalt,' one 'warm,' and one 'brause,' I meditatively studied these. Which would be the right one? After some pondering, I decided on *kalt*, and hopefully turned it on. A boiling stream flowed into the bath, and I turned *kalt* off. With a decline of hope, I decided on *warm*. It did not seem promising, but you never could tell from the sound of words in these foreign languages. *Warm* was worse, quite boiling, I decided, after holding my finger under the pipe. It was evidently *brause*, though there was nothing about the word to suggest it. So, sitting expectant in the steaming bath, I turned on *brause*, and an ice-cold shower fell on my head, and before I could recover from the shock, soaked my hair. It was so cold and so surprising that I screamed, and the stewardess came and hammered on the door, shouting long German sentences through the crack, and when I would not answer, shouting them louder. I do not know what she thought had happened, probably that the heat of the bath had killed me, and she had heard my dying wail."



We approached the czar.

"You do not seem worried because the Russian fleet is bottled up?" we interrogated.

The czar smiled a wan smile.

"My dear friend," he said, slowly, "don't you know, our ships are like wine; the longer they are bottled the better."—*Chicago News*.



In support of what no male disputes namely, that woman is a creature of contradictions—a writer in the *Philadelphia Bulletin* cites these instances: "She will sit in a draught in a low-necked gown with her arms and shoulders bare. But she will go out on the hottest afternoon with her head and neck tied up in a

"Business, not books, is St. Louis' parlor-wall motto to-day; success, not society, is its slogan; independence, not elegance, is its war cry."

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thick chiffon veil. She will forget to pay a bill of five dollars for months. But she will make herself conspicuous in a street car squabbling to pay for her friend a five-cent piece which she doesn't owe. She will wear a skirt about six inches longer than it ought to be for walking. But she will hold it up about six inches higher than any walking-skirt

that ever was made. She is up in arms when she sees a horse whipped. But she will drag a poor little dog on a shopping bout that would enfeeble a good-sized man. She has a will that no power on earth can bend. Yet she would rather the world should come to an end than that she should be caught doing differently from her neighbors."

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GIRLS**

NEXT WEEK,

**THE
NIGHT
OWLS**

MEN WITH BIG PERSONAL TAX

The completed tax rolls show that only five New Yorkers whose personal assessment was over \$1,000,000 did not have their assessments reduced by the swearing-off process. They are Andrew Carnegie, whose assessment of \$5,000,000 is the largest on the list; Russell Sage who pays personal tax on \$2,000,000 of property; Frederick Vanderbilt, assessed for \$2,000,000; Alice Vanderbilt, \$1,000,000, and W. K. Vanderbilt, \$1,000,000. The largest reduction was the cutting off of \$1,700,000 from the \$2,000,000 assessment of John Jacob Astor. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's assessment was reduced from \$1,500,000 to \$250,000. J. P. Morgan's \$600,000 assessment was reduced to \$400,000. The original assessment on personalty amounted to \$4,589,966,384. Almost everyone included in the list for assessment visited the office of the tax department during the time allowed for rectification of the records. The total of personalty left subject to tax after the swearing off is \$625,078,878.

A RECORD BREAKER

Three fellow travelers in the smoking room of a fast train were discussing the speed of trains.

"I was in a train once," said the first man, "that beat everything I ever rode in for speed. Why, it went so fast that the telegraph poles at the side of the track looked like an immense fine toothed comb."

"That's nothing," said the second traveler; "I remember riding in an express on the — and — that went at such a gait that the telegraph poles looked like a solid board fence."

The third man made an exclamation of impatience.

"Ah, you fellows don't know what high speed on a railroad is." Why, I traveled west from Chicago last month in a train that went at such a pace that when we passed some alternate fields of corn and beans they looked like succotash!"—*From Harper's Weekly.*

Justice Holmes, the junior member of the supreme court, had presented to him at an afternoon reception not long ago a lady from the West. "I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Justice," gushed she; "delighted, I assure you. I am a great admirer of your works. 'Elsie Venner' has been my favorite book since childhood. It's magnificent! And I may add that the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes is one to conjure by in my family."

On one occasion Daniel Webster was on his way to Washington and was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no traveling companion, and the driver had a sort of felon look, which produced no inconsiderable alarm in the senator. "I endeavored to tranquilize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partly succeeded when we reached the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington—a proper scene for murder or outrage—and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me. Just then, the driver turned to me, and, with a gruff voice, inquired my name. I gave it to him. 'Where are you

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going?" said he. The reply was, 'To Washington. I am a senator.' Upon this the driver seized me fervently by the hand and exclaimed: 'How glad I am! I took you for a highwayman!'



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A DISTINCTION OF TERMS

"No orator," said the ascetic Boston delegate with the petrified jaw, "should so lose himself amid the vagaries of his own ratiocinations as to obscure the trend of his remarks to his audience. He should either elucidate or preserve silence."

"Right you are, stranger, right you are," agreed the Kansas delegate in the duster, with the straw in his mouth. "When you've chewed your cabbage, spit it out or swallow it."

And when the ascetic delegate revived he signed articles of agreement.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*



"Cocliquot," remarked the mikado, complainingly, "I'd like to know what in Samala Hillito is the reason that my wines are served to me in jugs nowadays instead of in bottles, as they were before the war."

"We have no bottles left, oh, majesty!" replied the faithful first-gentleman-of-the-booze-bin. "Every single one we had here in the palace is at present occupied by a Russian fleet."

"Your apology, Cocliquot, is accepted," said the mikado; "but do not let it occur again."

"I could not if I would," replied the high official, "for there are no more Russian fleets."—*Judge.*



A size 6 glove to-day is larger than a size 6 glove five years ago, and this applies to all the sizes made. The explanation is that ladies' hands have grown larger than they used to be, through

their practice of cycling, golfing, hockey, etc., but they do not like to admit it, so the glovemakers meet the new conditions and yet avoid hurting the vanity of their customers.—*From the Westminster Gazette.*



For the bride who cannot afford to lay her wedding gown aside after the ceremony, but who wishes to make use of it as an evening gown, an excellent idea is to have the very long train, which all wedding gowns should have, made so that it can be easily detached, and not ruin the tout ensemble of the costume. If the train is either of satin or lace, it may be fastened to fall from the shoulders, and in this way be entirely separate from the rest of the gown, and very easily removed when desired.



Clancy—Pat, I hear ye've bin down to Washington lookin' afther yer pin-sion. Did yez see the Prisdint?

Pat—Ah, bad luck it was! Oi shtood an the carner fer t'ree hours waitin' to see the Prisdint, an' whin he did come it wasn't him.—*From Leslie's Weekly.*



"The crew is a remarkable organization."

"How's that?"
"No one's been disqualified on it yet."
—*Harvard Lampoon.*



He—What! You reading about that trouble over at Port Arthur yet?

She—Yes, I am
He—Why, I thought you disliked long engagements?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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THE STOCK MARKET

The late display of strength and activity in the Wall street market has aroused fresh hopeful courage among the bullish traders. There's a disposition observable rashly to accept the theory that all frowning trouble is passed, that no further dangers confront the speculative position. This rising optimism is due almost altogether to the apparent ease with which the market moved upwards in the last two weeks. We are, therefore, justified in saying that the prevalent bullish feeling and anticipations are the customary results of manipulative successes rather than of a weighing of solid facts and logical conclusions therefrom. For this time of the year, and in view of various political and economic uncertainties surrounding us, the past week's doings in Wall street were somewhat paradoxical. They suggested a fatuous, foolish, recklessness on the part of stock jobbers. They gave rise to the suspicion that this dog-day bull movement is tenderly fathered by parties who are anxious to get rid of some more large chunks of stocks bought two or three years ago.

That, for the time being, general speculative feeling is inclined more to the bullish than the bearish view cannot be questioned. Wall street tricksters have for weeks been energetically at work in a "campaign of education," the guiding object of which was to persuade outsiders to renew buying operations in anticipation of large profits. It is suggestive of more than one thing that the bull news has again a habit of coming out in the last hour of trading, shortly before the market's close, when the speculative mind is thoroughly outworn, befuddled and disposed to believe any old thing that stock jobbers may set afloat.

Undoubtedly, extensive covering of "short" lines plays more than a modest role in the present Wall street renaissance. In some of the leading stocks, such as St. Paul, Union Pacific, Louisville and Nashville, Reading, Erie and United States Steel, the gay bears had been overdoing things; they had sold more than ordinary prudence

should have warranted. This big "short" interest necessarily invited and facilitated manipulative operations on the bull side of the account. It is believed that there are some very respectable "short" lines outstanding, and that assiduous, earnest attention will be given these until they have been covered. For the present the bulls have the whiphand. How long they will continue in this dominating position is a question depending upon the course of events within the next few weeks.

The decision of the New Jersey court in the Harriman injunction proceedings raised more dust than was needed. While it favors the Union Pacific people, it does not settle anything definitely. The decision's bearing is overestimated. But for the fact that it synchronized with the upward movement it would have attracted, but scant attention. The whole matter has a fakish appearance. Why should security values be decisively affected either way by a decision of this sort? The Harriman interests are in much the same position they were before. An appeal will surely be taken to the higher courts. Considerations such as these may delight the gamblers and the groundlings and the bucket-shop habitues, but have neither intrinsic nor permanent value. It would be a different thing altogether if it were authoritatively announced that the contending factions in the Northern Securities case had agreed upon terms of amicable settlement. A peaceable adjustment would be something really important, inasmuch as it could be taken to foreshadow a maintenance of harmonious relations in the railroad world, profitable to shareholders and precluding the possibility of rate wars.

At the same time, however, the writer of this wishes to have it understood that he is friendly to Union Pacific shares, rather than otherwise. When he stated in these columns, two or three months ago, that Union Pacific common would eventually sell again at 125, he meant exactly what he said. The late advance in this stock, though largely manipulative, was not bordering on perilous absurdity.

Union Pacific common is one of those few stocks that deserve the attention of even careful investors and speculators who have plenteous money at their command. It is held with confidence by parties who are famed for knowing a good thing when they see it. While the stock cannot be expected to escape the vicissitudes of stock exchange fortune, it is beyond a doubt destined eventually to be reckoned among the choicest railroad stocks to be found in this country. But all this does not warrant purchases on shoe-string margins.

There's much loose and treacherous talk about United States Steel affairs and stock. The rumor is abroad that the steel trust is at last on the upgrade in business. This rumor may do considerable mischief among the "innocents abroad." The most trustworthy advices to hand are anything but encouraging. They tell a story of continued depression in the iron and steel trade. Consumptive demand is still very small, and

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prices show no stiffening tendency in any direction. Why, in view of such a state of things, United States Steel issues should score sharp advances, is difficult to understand, and still more difficult to explain. If the quarterly statement soon to be given out were really to show a gain of one or two millions in net revenues, its effect on speculative sentiment should be completely offset by advices from Pittsburg intimating that the June earnings were the smallest in the history of the trust. From the ephemeral gambler's standpoint, the common and preferred may be tempting propositions,

but the man who is in the habit of making good use of his thinking apparatus will think, not twice, but ten times before plunging into any steel stock on this silly season's gab regarding flush times in the iron business.

The complexion of crop news is growing ominous. The heavy rainfalls and inundations immediately before and after July 1st have done a deal of damage to winter wheat and corn. According to the most reliable estimates, the losses sustained have been such as to make hopes of anything like a crop of more than 600,000,000 bushels of wheat



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(winter and spring) utterly futile. The spring wheat region is also complaining, but for a different reason. In Washington and Oregon prolonged drought has materially reduced previous estimates. Owing to the disappointment as to the wheat crop, the news regarding the progress of the corn fields will from now on be watched with something akin to veritable anxiety.

For the immediate future, a continuation of adroit bullish stock rigging appears likely. It may be that the publication of the United States Steel report will mark the culminating point of the upward movement, if nothing else should intervene in the meantime to disarrange the present plans of the cliques. It is a treacherous market we are having, as many will surely find out to their sorrow before we are many days older.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

That was a clever move in St. Louis Transit. After knocking it from 13 to 9 3/4, this stock was again put up to 12 1/4. On the advance transactions were heavy. What was the object of the bear raid? Was it to increase orders? Or was it merely a "feeler?" The events of the past week have again made it clear to everybody that Transit is skillfully worked by an inside clique. At this writing, the stock is quoted at 11 3/4 bid, 12 asked, with sales at the last-named figure. The movements of the stock are bewildering and not calculated to enhance its reputation.

United Railways preferred is extremely quiet, with bids of 55, and offering at 56. The 4 per cent. bonds are quoted at 79 3/4 bid, 79 7/8 asked. There have been no sales for some days. St. Louis

(Broadway) 5s are quoted at 101 1/4 bid. Bank and trust company issues are generally lower, nominally, for no sales were recorded in the last three or four days. Commerce is offering at 275, with 270 bid. This stock appears suspiciously weak. For State National 155 1/2 is bid, for German Savings Institution 400, for St. Louis Union Trust 325 1/2. Commonwealth is offering at 270, with very few bids at 269.

The buying furore in Granite-Bimetallic has subsided. It is to be presumed that the miners are again working at the pumps to keep the property's levels free of water. The stock is in poor demand at 42 1/2. For Central Coal common 60 3/4 is bid, for Ely-Walker. D. Goods preferred 107. St. Louis Brewing 6s are a trifle firmer, on grounds which are in season. They are offering at 96, with 95 3/4 bid.

Business at local banks is not very active. Interest rates remain steady at about 4 1/2 and 5 per cent. Sterling is weak, the last quotation being \$4.87 1/4.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

W. B.—Would hold Rock Island common for a moderate advance. Has not yet shared in improvement. At 23 it is barely three points above lowest.

R. R. C., Pine Bluff, Ark.—Rise won't hold. Too manipulative and premature. Therefore would take profits. Dangerous to hold out for top notch.

R. W. L., Sedalia, Mo.—Hold Missouri Pacific. Should rally several points, but will hardly reach your limit.

X. Y. Z., Sandusky, O.—International paper is a poor purchase. Pacific mail is waiting for stock jobbers to take it in hand. On its own merits it is not likely to advance much, if any.

RUDIMENTARY INSTINCT

"Why is it," asked the elderly man with the contemplative air, "that we instinctively choose the tables and chairs next to a wall in a restaurant? Why are the tables in the center of the room always the last taken?"

"Don't know; never thought of it," responded his companion. "But I'll bet you have a theory to account for it."

The elderly man smiled knowingly, and continued:

"You will notice that the corner seats are always taken first. It's the same in street cars or railroad coaches. Every man or woman instinctively takes to a corner, and screws his or her back into it. Have you noticed, too, that when passing people along a wall you always edge inward if you possibly can?"

"Why is it? Simply instinct, an instinct the origin of which dates back to prehistoric times, when men had not yet learned the use of metal weapons. It is the instinct we inherit from our cave-dwelling ancestors, who had only clubs with which to defend themselves. Instinct is only an unconscious disposition to make use of previous experiences.

"When the prehistoric man wanted to eat his meat in peace he huddled into some cranny in a cliff or against the side of a big rock. In that position he felt secure, for nothing could attack him from the rear, and he could observe



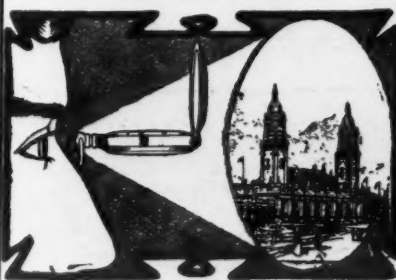
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everything that approached his way. It must have taken ages of experience to have bred that instinct so deeply within us, for even now, when cave bears and mastodons do not frequent our eating resorts, we prefer walls and especially corners every time.

"I suppose, too, that's why men naturally walk on the outward side of women along sidewalks. In case a winged ichthyosaurus should swoop down on them he could bang her over against the shop windows and stand off the beast.

"It is another rudimentary instinct which has survived the need of it. Man instinctively protected women by having a cliff on one side of her and himself on the other, and to this day she expects it."—San Francisco Sunday.

THE WOMAN AND THE RIB

Adam gave his rib
To make woman's shape;
(Thus the story's writ,
There is no escape!)

Many an Arctic whale,
Witless of the blame,
Also gives his rib
For to make the same.

I sorrow not for man—
He gets his riblet back;
But for the poor old whale,
Alack, my friends, alack!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON

"This, then," says Elizabeth Robins Pennell in the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, "is how I succeeded in keeping house in London without conforming to the English conventions, to which I could never reconcile myself, even if they were to be had at a cost that did not spell ruin. I have a French servant and a French charwoman. I deal with a French butcher, a French grocer, a French greengrocer, a French baker and a French confectioner. My ice is brought by an Italian, and is kept in an American refrigerator. My clothes are washed at a French laundry."

"It is one of the charms of London that such inconsistencies are possible. Moreover, though our chambers are in the center of London, the immediate little neighborhood, shut in between the river and the Strand, is just like a small country town or village—'The Quarter,' people who live in it call it affectionately. We all know one another's affairs, even though we may not know one another. We have our own local gossip. 'They do talk a lot in the street, you know,' one of my neighbors informed me, at the same time revealing an unexpectedly intimate knowledge of my movements. On a summer evening you will find little groups of housekeepers exchanging news at their front doors, for almost all the houses are let as chambers, and each has a housekeeper in charge. We have our local milkman and newspaper agent, and builder and plumber, our own hand-organs, our own beggars, who ring our front door bells. The postmen touch their hats as we pass. Even the dogs wag their tails in recognition, and I do believe I am on speaking terms with every cat in the 'quarter.' It will be clear, therefore, that I can say nothing of London life as it is regulated in the correct squares and rows and places and crescents. Information of this kind I leave to the Americans whose capacious incomes, made by their pens, never cease to astound me. All I can do is to show that, when your income and inclination are not fashioned on regulation lines, it is still possible not only to live, but to live delightfully, in London."

A NEW JOKE AFTER ALL

Gayman—"My wife found a bill in my pocket the other day for 'ribbons for the typewriter—'"

Wiseman—"Oh, I've heard that old joke."

Gayman—"So had my wife, so she never suspected that this time they were for the lady and not for the machine."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE REAL THING

Miss Ethel Barrymore tells the following story of Sir Henry Irving, in whose support she appeared when he produced the play "Peter the Great." The incident is told in *Lippincott's Magazine* (June):

It appears that at a rehearsal of the play in question at the Lyceum Theater, in London, a wonderful climax had been reached, which was to be heightened by the effective use of the usual thunder

and lightning. The stage carpenter was given the order. The words were spoken and instantly a noise which resembled a succession of pistol shots was heard off the wings. "What on earth are you doing, men?" shouted Sir Henry, rushing behind the scenes. "Do you call that thunder. It's not a bit like it."

"Awfully sorry, sir," responded the carpenter, "but the fact is, sir, I couldn't hear you because of the storm. That was real thunder, sir!"

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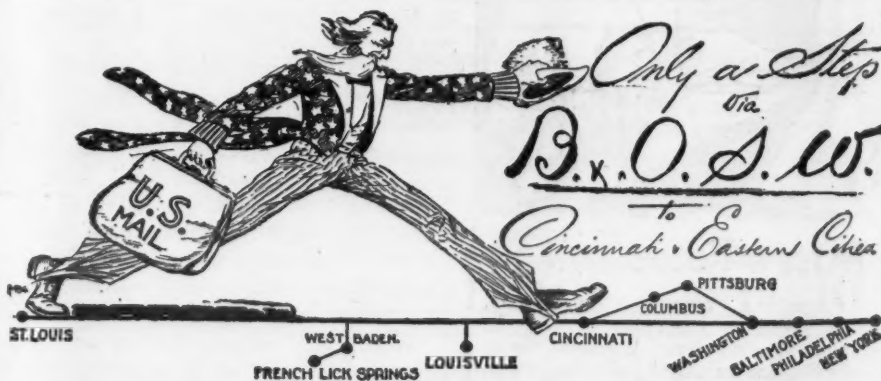
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